The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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THEY TAPPED THE TELEPHONE WIRE.

The Husband, Solicitor, Detective, and Stenographer Got on to the Conversation.

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All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post, "THE MIRROR OF LIFE," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EUCLID.—1. Some years ago two boxers (Young, of Bloomsbury, and Wilmot) were boxing at the late Billy Shaw's, who then kept a house in Windmill Street, Haymarket, when Young was knocked out by a blow on the point of the jaw and died. A post-mortem examination took place, when the doctor stated that a nerve in the point of the jaw had connection with the base of the brain; and that when a boxer was knocked out he relapsed into insensibility, and if the said boxer was in a weak state of health his vitality would be too low, and what would only be insensibility in a healthy man would be death in a feeble one. 2. By a scientific boxer the knock-out blow is effected by stepping well in with the left leg between the legs of an opponent, and sending the right across.

LACHIE YOULE.—Try Jemmy Lowes, Hexham Hall, Newcastle.

JOSEPH FLYNN (Oldham).—John L. Sullivan was champion of America, not of the world.

A. RIPPER.—The photos will be inserted at an early date. Nothing to pay.

F. FAVOR.—"Pedlar" Palmer defeated Johnny Murphy October 12, 1896, in twenty rounds at the National Sporting Club; October 18, 1897, he beat Dave Sullivan, twenty rounds, same place.

J. WILLIAMS.—He never was champion of the world.

ROYAL.—1. Smith and Burge never fought at the N.S.C.; they boxed at the Bolingbroke Club, and the referee stopped the contest in favour of Smith. 2. Not a knock-out.

M. M.—1. Bob Fitzsimmons was champion of the world from March 17, 1897, to June 9, 1899. 2. Yes, in a competition. 3. Send threepence for a copy of "Ring Records and Fistic Facts."

H. DUFTON.—Mitchell and Sullivan fought three rounds May 14, 1893, at Madison Square Garden, New York City.

MILL.—Dieudonne won the Middle Park Plate.

CLUBS.—He performed the feat at the National Sporting Club, swinging the clubs for thirty hours.

BALL.—You do not send your address. If you live in London and wish to purchase a punching ball visit some athletic outfitter, like Grosse, Old Jewry; Ayres, Aldersgate Street, near Aldersgate Street Station; or Frank Bryan, Charterhouse Square.

MOTOR.—Yes, in his match with Bob Fitzsimmons.

H. T. J.—Five draws, once with the knuckles, in 1hr 17min, 4rds and 3rds, New York, 6rds and 10rds, Chicago.

C. EVANS.—James Selby was the noted coach whip.

B. P.—They fought a draw at the Jollity Theatre.

SUBSCRIBER.—Tyers' time is the best for that distance.

HOLDEN WATTS.—Frank Slavin beat him in one round.

C. R.—Rowley was the trotter who made the record at Alexandra Park.

T. HATCH.—It will be published shortly.

T. MEEDE.—1. The rules are perfectly clear on the point. 2. You must abide by the referee's decision.

F. F.—1. In four rounds. 2. Yes.

C. W. S.—Hopping 50yd. Time, 7½sec.

BERT READ.—They never met.

TAROLINTA.—1. Any athletic outfitters. 2. "The Life and Battles of James J. Corbett."

J. MOORE.—Your communication was too late for insertion.

(Several Answers crowded out.)

FORTHCOMING MATCHES AT THE N.S.C. AND OTHER PLACES.

THE "PEDLAR" PALMER v. JEM WILLIAMS CONTEST.—A HUGE STAKE.

JEMMY LOWES. OF NEWCASTLE, BIDS HIGH FOR THE WILL CURLEY v. NAT SMITH CONTEST.

PETER MAHER'S DOWNFALL AT THE HANDS OF "KID" McCOY.

THERE is no lack of boxing provender further on in the year 1900, but the difficulty is to get over the hiatus which separates the last from the coming boxing carnival. There are no end of good things promised in the future, but there will be no particular stir in the boxing world until the house in Covent Garden opens its portals on January 15 of the New Year. Jack Scales appears to be on the horns of a dilemma. Jack has two matches on, one with Dick Jordan at the N.S.C., and the other with Dick Burge, for which a £25 forfeit is put up. If Jack Scales must forfeit to one or the other of the two Dicks who are negotiating an offer from his hand or rather fist, we should say from a monetary point of view Dick Burge would be the best Dick on offer. Jack Haggerty, of Stalybridge, has offered a purse of £300 for the match, which is a long way in front of what Scales would receive in purse money were he matched with any other man. There is a proviso in these articles that the ring is to be at least 20ft square. We know not what purpose this would serve. Dick Burge, in his match with Jem Smith, stipulated for a ring 24ft square. Yet he made no more use of this big covered arena than if the "squared circle" had been of the most limited dimensions.

Whether "Pedlar" Palmer still retains his old form is a question which will be solved on a day to be named in February, when "Pedlar" agrees to stop Jem Williams in ten or a less number of rounds for the enormous sum of £2,000 (?). There are still existing persons who have not lost confidence in Palmer's fistic ability, in spite of his one-round defeat by Terry McGovern, and one of these believers has such faith in Palmer's prowess that he has backed the little man at the odds of one thousand to eight hundred that "Pedlar" will stop Jem Williams in ten or a lesser number of rounds. The East-end has long been the home of the Fancy, and should this match take place at Wonderland, Whitechapel, which venue is stipulated by the purse-finder, the crowd outside will be greater than the crowd outside Isaac Cohen's theatre in the Whitechapel Road (opposite) on the eve of Shobbos. The stakes, £1,800, and the purse of £200 make a most magnificent total, and we hope the prices will not be too high for the poor East-ender, who would willingly plank down a dollar on this evening to see champions perform.

Two hundred and fifty pounds is a big purse for the provinces. Yet this sum is what Jemmy Lowes has deposited for the contest between Will Curley, of Newcastle, and Nat Smith, of London. This match is for £200 a-side, which, with the purse of £250, will make the substantial total of £650, and will be decided at Jemmy's new hostelry, Hexham House, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Monday, January 29. Jemmy need fear no loss, for he has already gauged the appetite of the Northerners for boxing when the People's Palace, the largest covered space in Newcastle, could have been filled twice over at good prices, when the Dobbs and Burge fiasco occurred. As it was four thousand persons took the front of the house, and it was a sight indeed, looking at the concourse from the stage, to see on a winter's night such a mass of perspiring humanity. Hexham House is built to accommodate comfortably one thousand persons, so some boxing enthusiasts are likely to be left out in the cold.

There are so many little lads out at the present day, each claiming championship honours, that Con Donovan has come to the rescue, and has presented a 7st 4lb championship belt for competition. Some of the best lads in the old days fought at this weight, as a reference to "Fistiana" will show. Joe Hoiles (the "Spider"), one of the cleverest of the small-weed division, fought at 7st 3lb, and often gave pounds away to antagonists. It is wonderful the endurance of some of these little men. They seem to be in many cases the concentrated essence of pluck and staying power.

The small weeds are at present playing the game among themselves. On January 20 Mike Reilly, who some time since defeated Charley Exall, of London, will meet Matt Precious, who recently defeated Jem Lee, of Dublin. These lads contend for the 7st 8lb championship. Every 4lb seems now to have a champion. Harry Ware and Billy Plimmer on February 12 will try conclusions at another weight, a little removed from the last. In old times there was only one bantam champion, now there are half a dozen youths who aspire to be champions long before the limit (8st 4lb) of the bantam weight is reached.

For those who love a bit of boxing and don't wish to pay too dearly for the same, we recommend them to visit Harry Hughes's show at the Agricultural Hall. There the public will have an opportunity of witnessing the fistic performance of men about whom they have read and perhaps never seen. It is worth the admission to witness the gathering of the pugilistic clans outside.

Five rounds appear to have been sufficient to settle the pretensions of Peter Maher to even second-class form. No one among the talent considered the "Kid" sufficiently capable to tackle the powerful "Payter." Yet the "Kid" has done this, and unmistakably whopped Maher in five rounds. The experience of the "Kid" and Peter Maher in this country has been very peculiar. "Kid" McCoy had to knuckle under to an English boxer—Ted White, while Peter Maher defeated Alf Bowman. Both these men were amateur heavy-weight champions, and Bowman we should consider superior to Ted White. Yet we find "Kid" McCoy, who lost with Ted White, unmistakably beating Peter Maher, who defeated Alf Bowman. Form in men is not like form in horses. One day a boxer may be beaten by a rank outsider, and the next he may beat a champion. "Kid" McCoy, by this victory over Peter Maher, has raised himself very close to championship form, and we should not be surprised at the doughty Fitzsimmons, after this victory, considering the "Kid" a foeman worthy of his steel, and taking him on for big stakes and a big purse.

MISS ANNIE SHELTON,

A Speedy Cyclist and Lady who Holds the Title of Champion of Kent.

(With Portrait.)

DAUGHTER of Sam Shelton, now proprietor of the Bee Hive, Kellend Road, Plaistow. One mile champion of Kent, three miles champion on grass, holder of the world's record on the stage (London Pavilion), 1 mile in 1min 34sec.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—Mr. Jack Goodman (New York), P. Moran (s.s. Mesabic), E. Wilkins, Jem Littlefield, Albert Littlefield, Jack Scales (heavy-weight champion), Matt Palmer, Jack Lewis, Jem Barry, Matt Rowe, Charley Pendley, William Le Neve, Jack Jones (Newcastle), J. Davison (Newcastle), Harry Slough, Thomas Rowland Davies (president of the Motherwell Harriers, near Glasgow), Con Donovan, Harry Westbrooke, Fred Duffit (Camberwell), Ashley Carlton (comedian), Angus Griffo, Hal Stevens (pedestrian), Denny Maloney, Jem Fitzpatrick, H. Denisthorpe.

OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for Samuel Craig, Dick Jordan, J. F. White (three), Bobby Dobbs, Dick Burge (two), P. Gorman, H. Chance Newton, Frank Craig, Harry Weir, Charles Mitchell (English champion boxer), George Slark, J. Fitzgibbons (two), James ("Kid") Foley (two), Mace Williams, Ernie Greaves, J. Eden, Driver Pincher, Mr. Matthew Wellington Wood, Ted Wakeham, George Matthews, J. Corbett, C. McCoy, George Fox Giles, Jem Hall, Billy Plimmer, Jack Scales, Robert Fitzsimmons (three), Jem Holloway, Claude Thompson, and Bill Heffernan (South Africa).

THE STONEMASON'S LOVE.

I WAS brought up to the sound of the song and the hammers which marked its rhythm, as the stone-cutters worked and sung, from morning to night. From the time that I was old enough to walk I passed my time in the stoneyard, seated on a stone, watching with admiration and delight the movements of the men and listening to the different sounds produced by the varying quality of the stones under the mallet and chisel. The men filled me with delighted enthusiasm. There was one who impressed me more than any of the others, and whose memory is vivid in my mind to this day He was a fine figure of a man, tall, strong, healthy, and his face seemed to have absorbed some expression from his profession, it was so stern, calm, and unchangeable. His name, I think, was Joseph Roberts, but he was called "Silence" by the other workmen, on account of his rarity of speech. He was liked by everyone, however, for in his silence there was nothing churlish, but simply the revelation of a quiet nature. "Silence" took his meals with the other workmen at a little boarding-house in the village. The house was an example of the old-fashioned country inn, and through its wide halls and big rooms there now resounded the laughter of a pretty girl. Why Silence should have fallen in love with eighteen-year-old Marie when he must have been much older than she, and more subdued and reticent, it is hard to say. I was at the age when one is not particularly interested in these things. The fact remains that this seemingly cold, hard man performed for the girl a thousand little acts of tender thoughtfulness, and changed colour at a smile or word from her. I remember that he went every evening when work was over to pick a bouquet, that she might have in her window a bunch of her favourite field flowers. Soon the condition of his heart was a secret to no one, his companions having surprised many a look of admiration thrown to Marie, and then there commenced a series of mockeries and rough, good-natured jests, of which he was the victim. But he, wrapped in his silence and his dream, worked away and paid no attention to what went on around him. They used to think that he did not even hear them talk, but the day came when they found out their mistake. Marie herself seemed to have found pleasure in taming this savage and finally showed quite openly, by her smiles and glances, that she wished to encourage her lover still further. It was understood that they were to be married, though I think nothing had been arranged definitely between them. About this time a new workman came to the yard, an Italian named Ranco, who became, from the moment of his arrival, a personal enemy of Silence. It is no wonder that this was the case, as Ranco was conceited, loud, and a runner after girls, rumour even stating that he was a breaker of hearts. He looked the part, too, with his black eyes, curly hair, and handsome face. He took his meals with the others, and it was plainly seen that Marie was not insensible to the languishing looks he bestowed upon her. All her tender little attentions to Silence ceased also, and she became changed, so that everyone noticed it. Her laugh came less often, and had no longer a spontaneous ring. She was quiet and silent as her old lover to whom she paid no attention. One day, a day I shall never forget, for I was there, sitting on my stone, and saw it all, Ranco came into the yard with a flower in his coat. "Where did you get the flower?" asked someone. "Marie gave it to me for a kiss," replied Ranco, in his careless way. Silence dropped his mallet and turned toward his rival. "Who?" "Marie—Marie is what I said, old tight-mouth. Have you anything to say?" replied the Italian, insolently, as he picked up his mallet, ready to begin work. "Yes, I have this to say," answered Silence, "that you are a liar! And this to do——" and he snatched the flower from the buttonhole of Ranco's coat. With a cry of rage Ranco sprang forward, raised his mallet high in the air and brought it down with a crash upon Silence's head. He dropped to the ground instantly. In the excitement which followed the Italian escaped and it was not until they knew that their friend was dead that they thought of his murderer. It was too late. Ranco had gone and no trace of him was ever found. Marie was inconsolable. For months she would see no one, would speak to no one. Her face took an expression of stern silence which much resembled that of her dead lover. Her nervous prostration was such that her friends became anxious for her health, the one and only remedy was found in the Little Diamond Liver Pills, and Marie's health was restored. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(From our own Correspondent.)

New York, December 23, 1899.

Editor The Mirror of Life, London.

The lay-off which former champion Bob Fitzsimmons has enjoyed during the past few weeks has apparently done him a world of good. Besides regaining some of his lost strength Fitz's left hand, which was injured several weeks ago in a bout with "Yank" Kenny, his sparring partner, is in fairly good shape, and with the prospect of large purses ahead, and several ambitious opponents, Bob is prepared to enter the ring again. He says: "My vacation will soon be up, and then I will get into the game with both feet, so to speak. It is evident that I will not be able to induce Jeffries to meet me again, so the only thing open to me now is to fight someone else. This I will cheerfully do. I am ready to box either Ruhlin, Sharkey, or 'Kid' McCoy. My money is still up, but not one of the fighters mentioned, especially my conqueror, Jeffries, has seen fit to cover it. But something must be done by the fighters I have named to make me believe that they mean business. I see that Ruhlin beat 'Stockings' Conroy. It was a clean-cut victory, I understand, and I think we ought to be able to reach an agreement for a match, don't you?" Several of the local clubs agree with Fitz in this respect, and an effort is being made to clinch a twenty-five rounds fight between Ruhlin and Fitzsimmons at an early date. The fact that Bob Fitzsimmons has expressed an early desire to fight again, and is eager to face any of the big fellows, Gus Ruhlin in particular, may lead to a match between the pair. Yesterday Billy Madden, on behalf of Ruhlin, sent out a long statement in answer to Lanky Bob's defi, which was published in yesterday's *Sun*. In his reply Madden stipulated a number of reasonable conditions which he thinks ought to be acceptable to Fitzsimmons. Madden looks upon the Cornishman as the champion by virtue of Jem Jeffries's refusal to meet any one for a year, and adds that if he makes the match he wants the heavy-weight title to go to the winner. He further states that Ruhlin will fight Fitzsimmons any style, with the gloves or bare knuckles, and if this is acceptable to Fitz, Madden declares he will cover his forfeit which the champion has now up and make a match forthwith. Terry McGovern added two more victims to his long list in the arena of the People's Athletic Club, Cincinnati. His first bout was to be ten rounds with Charlie Mason, of Chicago. McGovern sent his left to Mason's face repeatedly in the first round, driving him about the ring. He did not use his right at all, and at the end of the round Mason was bleeding from the mouth and nose and went to his corner groggy. In the second round McGovern put his right to the jaw, which sent Mason down. After taking the count he arose only to go down and out by a right and left on the jaw. McGovern's second opponent was "Freckles" O'Brien, of New Orleans, who weighed about 130lb. After feinting for the first two minutes they went to a clinch, and on the break-away McGovern hooked his left to the jaw, which put O'Brien down and out. George Dixon returned from Mount Clemens yesterday for a brief stay in this city. Last night he went to the Broadway A.C. to get a line on Terry McGovern in the contest with Harry Forbes, whom he is to meet at the Broadway A.C. on January 9. Dixon has been in the West for the past three weeks, and is in rare form. He will leave for Lakewood this morning, where he will stay until his fight with McGovern takes place. In a talk with the dusky champion he said:—

"Few people give me credit for still possessing enough strength to stave off any ambitious rival for my laurels. I am in good health now, and am not scared because the public think that McGovern will knock me out. Hundreds of fighters have been trying to do that for years, but none, so far, have succeeded. I want to win this fight for one reason, and that is I desire to leave the ring with flying colours. You know I am going to quit the business win or lose, and I don't care to give up my profession unless I can retire with my record unblemished."

Tom Sharkey will leave to-day for Hot Springs. He expects to be away for a few months. Of late the former sailor has been suffering from rheumatism, a malady which has afflicted him on and off for several years. He will undergo heroic treatment this time, and is confident that he will be cured on his return from the Springs. Tom O'Rourke, his manager, will try and match him against either Bob Fitzsimmons, Jem Jeffries or "Kid" McCoy. It is said that Sharkey has made nearly 65,000dols during the past year as a result of his meetings with Jem Corbett, "Kid" McCoy, and Jeffries. There was a crowded house at the Greenwood A.C., when Joe Bernstein and Billy Barrett, both of this city, came together for twenty rounds at 122lb. It went the entire distance, and at the finish Referee Charlie White was not able to pick a winner, and called the affair a draw. Bernstein evidently held Barrett cheap, for condition was anything but good. On the other hand Barrett was trained to the hour, and gave Bernstein plenty to do to defend himself. Barrett's punching power was weak, however, for he caught Bernstein often in the wind and failed to make any decided impression. The betting favoured Bernstein at 2 to 1. The recent injury to Joe Walcott's hand will probably prevent him from meeting Joe Choynski at the Broadway Club next month. He still carries the injured member in plaster of paris, and it is hardly possible that he will be able to use it in his business for several weeks. Eddie Santry, who conquered Ben Jordan of England added another notch to his record by knocking out Jack O'Malley, of Baltimore, in less than a minute of what was to have been a six rounds in Chicago on Monday night. Marty McCue defeated George Siddons at Stamford, Conn., in 20rds. The bout was very lively at the close. On Monday, at Detroit, Mich., after forty-seven minutes of the hardest kind of wrestling, Tom Jenkins, of Cleveland, won his bout with the new Turkish wrestler, Kara Osman. The Turk quit before there had been a fall, because he claimed he was hurt. When he got up he said that Jenkins had fouled him, and that he was suffering great pain. He was removed to his dressing room, and a doctor pronounced him unfit to go on again, saying he had been ruptured. Jenkins denies that he fouled him, and says he is a quitter, although he gives him credit for being the best of the Turkish wrestlers that have appeared in America. John Flanagan, the hammer-thrower, has invented a new ball-bearing hammer. It is very much like the ordinary hammer, with the exception that the wire handle is so inserted that the hammer when in the air continually revolves on a series of ball bearings, and from the few times he has tried it he is convinced that at least eight or ten feet can be added to his present record. As soon as the hammer leaves the thrower's hands it goes through the air with a rapidity that is certainly marvellous, and the head is always revolving.

At Minneapolis, Minn., Frank McDaniels, holder of the world's championship for the running broad jump on skates, 21ft 7in, established a record for a standing jump at Loring Park, making 6ft 4in. McDaniels's jump was measured from toe to heel of the skates, which were 17in long.

THE TATTLER.

THEY TAPPED THE TELEPHONE WIRE.

The Husband, Solicitor, Detective, and Stenographer Get on to the Conversation.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The telephone has its advantages for the business man, but beware he who switches it on to the lady of his affections. Conversation will, even with a well-regulated wire, sometimes go astray, and "Are you there, love?" may meet with a somewhat gruff reply. A couple employed the wire, and the loving conversation was indulged in. Unfortunately this came to the husband's knowledge, so, tapping the wire, and employing his solicitor and a stenographer to recount the conversation, he learned the secret of his wife's unfaithfulness, and as co-respondent the gentleman who employed this means to conduct his conversation will find the process a rather expensive one for talking to a married woman.

AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER, WHAT HO!

Mamma was Recognised by her Husband and the Kid.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"What ho! she bumps!" or might have done so had the lady fallen by the sudden shock which she experienced at a fancy dress ball. Mrs. Milton, arrayed in low-cut dress and velvet bloomers with gaudy scarlet sash at waist, her features hidden by a velvet mask, was arm-in-arm walking among the dancers with a gentleman whose facial adornment was a big nose and eye-glasses to hide his identity, and the husband appearing on the scene in ordinary costume perambulating their only kid. The masked couple gave the game away by their surprised behaviour, which was only equalled by the husband's startling recognition.

THE DUSKY BEAUTY KISSES THE COUNSEL.

An Unexpected Verdict Brings Kisses in its Train.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The trial was over, and the coloured lady's husband was acquitted. The legal lights were preparing to leave the Court when a commotion was observed at the solicitors' table. Here a big, robust black gal was seen embracing the defendant's counsel in no uncertain manner. Her thick lips were imprinting loud and effective kisses on that gentleman's cheek, while her arm, strongly entwined around his neck, held him captive in her fond embrace at the successful issue of the case against her black partner.

A VISIT TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

(Special.)

THE WORLD'S FAIR at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, has now been an institution for over a quarter of a century, and its popularity at every annual recurrence seems to increase rather than diminish. Not only this, but the prosperity of the showmen is more apparent Paintings which would do credit to the Theatre Royal take the place of the once dingy coverings, and if all that glitters is not gold, the glitter is so near to the real article that the baser metal (like that in many loud-lunged and brassy individuals) passes current for the genuine article. The show is on view for seven weeks, and to visit and study seriously each particular pitch more than one evening would be required for its discussion. The first show visited was that of Harry Hughes's. The front had been entirely re-embellished. The old pictures had disappeared, and in their place appeared life-like presentments of contests between Jem Jeffries and Tom Sharkey, and Johnny Hughes and Jemmy Curran. (We are pleased to note that Johnny Hughes is fast recovering from his recent injury.) If ever a show deserved patronage at the modest sum of twopence it is that of Harry Hughes's. Harry pays over thirty pounds a week for his talent, and we must say he has full value for money. We do not as a rule like to see ladies scrapping, but the contest between Miss Annie Moore, daughter of Professor Moore, and a black lady about ten shades darker than midnight is thoroughly realistic. Miss Annie Moore is a fine, good-looking, fresh coloured, strapping wench, only sixteen years old, and the way she sets about her black pard. is a realistic picture in black and white. These ladies spar three rounds, all give and take; and the proud and happy father, Professor Moore, who has now joined his forces with those of Harry Hughes, informed us that on Boxing Day Miss Annie stood up twenty-three times against her black pard, Miss Fannie Bell, of Boston, U.S., without turning a hair; in fact, Miss Annie made matters lively for the renowned "Dido" Plumb, who is one of the principal stars of the troupe.

The wealthy and the proud have their boxing in marble halls; but here under a canvas tent were assembled champions from every part of the kingdom. Firstly, there was "Pongo," of Norwich (black), who fought such a rousing battle with the ever-green "Starlight," Pongo met "Dido" Plumb in a bustling three rounds. (By the bye Harry Hughes wished to entrust us with 200 of the best for "Dido" to make a match with Bobby Dobbs or Jack Scales; but murder has been committed for a less sum than this, so we most respectfully declined.) Following "Dido" and "Pongo" (what euphonious names!) came two little champions, one from the west of England, and one from the north — Harry Mansfield, of Bristol and Mick Goulding, of Barnsley. Mick is a most important little gentleman, and this being his first visit to the World's Fair in a professional capacity, he is like a boy when he is first breeched — strutted about very proud of his clothes. Both Mick and Harry made a rattling good spar, and when they took round the *cap* they *cap*tured some coin. Two boxing provincials new to London town then made their bow before the public — Jem Gorman, of Manchester, v. Dick Potter, of Swindon. These lads, who form a portion of Professor Moore's troupe, acquitted themselves admirably. Then came the champion lady boxers, exemplifiers of the art in black and white, Miss Annie Moore, of Bristol, and Miss Fannie Bell, of Boston, U.S. "Ginger" Osborne, who is one of the stock members of Harry Hughes's show, who can feed the cattle and feed himself as well as any member of the troupe, had a grand spar with Tom Moore, of Bristol, brother to Professor Bill Moore. If lugs and general facial contour are any criterion of a man's boxing ability Tom Moore should be champion; but Tom is bashful, and hardly aspires to that form. Both "Ginger" and Tom, however, were very much in earnest. Bill Moore is a pocket edition of the Moore family, and he wrestles with a bear. It is quite a novelty to see this bear take a hold, and Bruin would be a feature in "Jolly Jumbo's" forthcoming wrestling tournament at Easter. Secure him, "Jumbo," at once! The boy and bear make a very good wrestle, the bear being a very good-humoured one, and like the old wrestling of Wannop and Brown, it is "one up and one down."

"Fatty" Harvey, of Ball's Pond, and Bill Nolan, of Drury Lane, are auxiliaries, and on this evening exhibited their form, going for all they were worth. Bill Nolan should give lessons "How to avoid," for Bill is a past master in the art of not taking any. "Fatty" Harvey and Bill Nolan made a capital spar. It should be understood that this troupe of boxers vary their meetings. Sometimes it is one couple, sometimes it is another. Harry Hughes has stamped his likeness on a pair of midgets, one of which he wishes to back against boxing creation. He is called Freddy Hughes, and boxes at 3st 4lb (not quite a Jem Jeffries' weight). Freddy boxes a brother somewhat older, Billy, and the bipeds of a lesser growth, the lads who have paid their twopences, look on the performances of these midgets with wonderment akin to awe.

It was our proud privilege to see the travelling booths of the old race of fighting men conducted by Joe Winn, Bob Webb, &c. We have heard Ned O'Baldwin, Joe Wormald, Bill Barry, Denny Sullivan, the "Black Diamond" ("Starlight's" still living tutor in Anstralia) expatiated on, and the Myself (the proprietor of the booth naming himself), who will fight any man in the fair. This kind of jolly still goes on; the jolly assumes the form of a dissatisfied spectator, somebody comes forward to back a boxer for a crown, the challenge is accepted, and in rush the mob.

If the spectators, young and old, who gazed on these boxing heroes as they stood on the platform of Harry Hughes's booth, preparatory to beginning the show, derived one-half the pleasure that we once did as a child gazing at the fistic warriors of old then their enjoyment was cheaply purchased.

From the tent of Harry Hughes, we passed on to that of Le Neve and Norah Sullivan. No form of opposition is allowed at the Agricultural Hall show, therefore boxing, for which Norah Sullivan and Le Neve (man and wife) are famous, is vetoed, consequently they have to satisfy the crowd by feats of strength, and right royally does the multitude respond. As Norah observed to us after the show, the going round for a collection after each performance being the best part of the business. Le Neve and an assistant (a foreigner introduced by Samson, of Aquarium fame) go through some feats of strength, but Norah caps them all. By means of a leathern band adjusted round her shoulders and from an elevated platform Norah lifts a most remarkable little horse, twenty-two years old, as round as an apple. Next several men are selected from the crowd, whose united weights are considerably over 80st (14lb to the stone), and these she lifts by a marvellous exertion of strength, bumping the platform on which they stand by the rise and fall to show that they are off the ground. After this performance we were invited by Le Neve to inspect the living caravan, which cost nearly £150, and is cheap at the price. This caravan is full of combination furniture, not a thing being ornamental without being useful. "What is this?" said Le Neve. We guess and guess again wrongly. An elaborate cupboard draws out to form a luxurious bed. Another panel draws out and shows a wardrobe, another utensils for cooking, the safe for food outside. An ornamental footstool is a receptacle for boot and other brushes, and so on—wild horses would not drag from us the spot where the till is kept—space being economised in a most remarkable manner. Life on the road in these caravans is a luxury.

Opposite Norah Sullivan and Le Neve's caravan is another of a similar nature, and this is inhabited by the fattest lady it has ever been our lot to witness. This Queen of Grease gave us an audience and submitted herself entirely for our inspection, to show that there was no deception. A bust which should have been the envy and admiration of London and for twelve miles round was added to a pair of arms of the most enormous size, with a hand not much larger than that of a child. Said my conductor, to see the lady's developments properly is when she is holding up her arms to do her hair. At which the fat lady went through the motion of hair dressing, and astonished us greatly. The lady wished for us to sit down and have an unconventional chat; but as our conductor was departing we could not trust ourselves alone with so many charms, and seizing one of the little hands we bade our fair entertainer, who is some stone heavier than "Jolly Jumbo," the second heaviest man in the world, good evening, and departed very much impressed with her serene mightiness, whose evident good humour has contributed to her adiposity. More wonders at the side of the Norah Sullivan exhibition we observed a huge rat as large as a big dog; a seal called a "sea lion," which came out of the water in a most affectionate manner to its master, who fed it with fish; a real Zulu brandishing an assegai, with nuddings on but a girdle of feathers; crocodiles, water nymphs at Miss Agnes Beckwith's show, and would you believe it, no confetti, no back scratchers, no squirters (ladies' tormenters), and the thousand and one objectionable things that sat one time made a visit to the world' show a pleasure dearly purchased.

MDLLE. BERTHA PIAZZOLI.

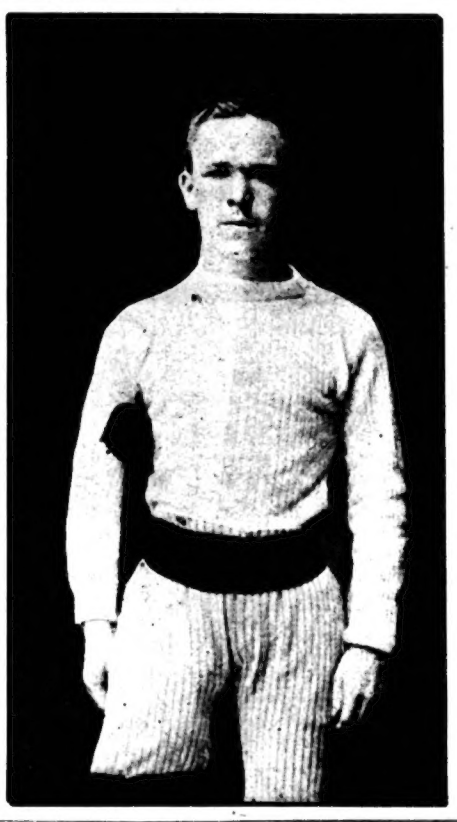
The Celebrated Rope Climber and Aerial Wonder.

(With Portrait.)

Mdlle. Bertha Piazzoli is one of the cleverest lady acrobats in the world, being endowed with marvellous strength, and what to others would be impossible becomes to to her an easy feat. Climbing a single rope she performs a spiral descent without the aid of her hands, as she hangs in mid air in graceful pose.

MISS BELLE DE VERE,
The Montreal Beauty, who has a Host of Admirers Among the Swells of that City.

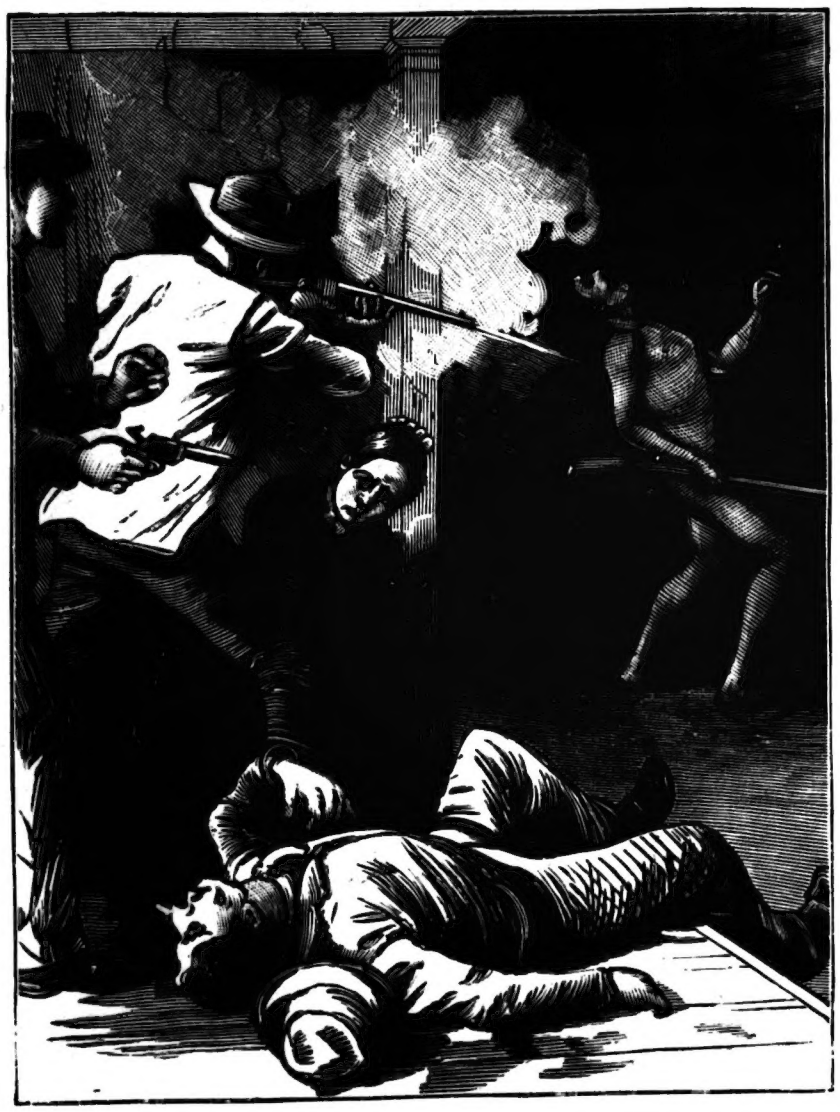
A GROUP OF PROMINENT BOXERS AND THEIR PATRONS.
Tom Loftushouse, Harry McLeavy, Tommy Webster, and Mr. J. F. Hague.



JOE TAYLOR,
The One-Legged Champion Walker of Hampshire.
Out with a Challenge to All England, with One Leg.

THE MESSENGER BOY RECEIVES HIS INSTRUCTIONS,
And Carefully Conveyed the Baby Home.

MISS ANNIE SHELTON,
A Speedy Cyclist and Lady who Holds the Title of Champion of Kent.



A TEXAN FAMILY FEUD.
George Pascoe, the Last of his Family.

MDLLE. BERTHA PIAZZOLI,
The Celebrated Rope Climber and Aerial Wonder.

WRESTLING AND WEIGHT LIFTing. — Savigear's Riding School, Earl's Court.—By permission of Mr. Savigear—late of the 17th Lancers—this commodious building is placed at the service of the Cumberland and Westmorland Amateur Wrestling Society to hold its annual sports and championships on January 20. The prizes already in hand which are to be competed for include a handsome marble timepiece, chiming the hours and half-hours, presented by Mr. E. Taylor, of the Prince Teck, Earl's Court, where the prize may be seen in the private bar; "Jolly Jumbo" has sent a handsome walnut fold-up writing desk; Professor Atkinson gives a number of prizes—gilt clock and candlesticks en suite (very pretty), a case of silver salts and spoons, two pairs of bronzed figures, and two silver medals; Mr. A. H. Sutherland gives three silver and three bronze Society medals. There will also be a specially-prepared certificate for framing, to be awarded to champions and for special merit. Launceston Elliot will endeavour to beat his own records in weight-lifting made at the Amateur Championships in June, 1899. He then set figures which have not been reached by any of the popular professionals or amateurs making clean lifts. The lifts which Elliot sets himself to beat are: Right hand alone, 214½lb; left hand alone, 205½lb; two dumbbells, 245½lb; two hands, bar-bell, 265lb. The bells must be lifted clean to the turn of the hands, and again to full stretch above the head. There will be no limit in the number of tries. Otherwise the rules of the Amateur Championship will be the rules to govern these record lifts and competition should anyone pit himself against Elliot. In the boxing entry, the Baddelay Brothers, who made such a good show at the Polytechnic, when one knocked the other out after a keen contest, will try conclusions again.

WRESTLING. — The Light-Weight Championship of the World.—Match at Stalybridge for £100.—The Drill Hall, Stalybridge, last Monday evening, was well patronised on the occasion of an interesting wrestling match for the light-weight championship of the world, between J. Mellor, of Stalybridge, and Duncan McLeod, of Chicago. The contestants were articled to wrestle the best of three back falls in the Lancashire style, McLeod to scale inside 7 score, and Mellor not to exceed 6 score 12lb. From the conditions thus enumerated, it will be seen that the American had a pull of 8lb in the matter of weight. McLeod, although he has learned all his wrestling in the States, is a native of Scotland, having been born in the village of Stranael on August 8, 1869. He went to Chigago nine years ago, and first came into prominence by winning a catch-weight tournament, the first prize being a gold medal value 150dols. Following this success, Duncan met and beat several well-known light-weights, whilst he drew twice with Silas Burns. This was his first match in England. Mellor is a year older than his opponent, and has contested seventy matches, out of which number he has only lost two. The betting at the start ruled at 6 to 4 on Mellor, and at the last minute the Lancastrian volunteered to bet the gate receipts in addition to the stake, and McLeod accepted the offer. The Scotchman was seconded by Bob Green, and Mellor by Jem Harrison, of Stalybridge. Mellor was the first to get behind, and after feeling his way nicely he screwed McLeod over on to his head, and only barely missed being thrown. Shortly afterwards the Stalybridge man gained an easy fall by the aid of the half Nelson and halch, the time occupied being 2min 35sec. On getting together again Mellor again assumed the aggressive, but eventually gave way to his opponent, who was allowed to utilise the half Nelson. As a matter of fact, McLeod was conceded an opportunity of obtaining a fall, but he was not resourceful enough, nor sufficiently strong to reap the advantage. Taking the situation in at a glance, Mellor soon brought the affair to an end, the bout lasting 3min. It transpired that the Scotchman sustained a painful injury to his shoulder during the closing fall, and thus he is likely to be incapacitated from wrestling for a few weeks. McLeod was no match at all for the Englishman, and it was quite a relief when the affair came to a termination. Joe Carroll, the noted wrestler officiated as referee, and Jack Haggerty held the watch.

PEDESTRIANISM.—135 Yards Handicap at Northampton.—A large company assembled on the County Cricket Ground, Northampton, to witness the final of Mr. Stockwin's 135 Yards All-England Handicap, which for weeks past has been a brisk medium of speculation. There was a large entry, and some keen racing. At the close of the first round on Tuesday the betting, which opened at 5 to 1 on the field, ruled 2 to 1 each against Smith and Stimpson, and 8 to 1 against any other. The result was: F. Smith, 28 yards start, 1; O. Slater, 22, 2; M. Love, 25, 3. Betting: 3 to 1 on Smith, 3 to 1 against Slater, and 10 to 1 against Love. Won by a foot; the same distance between second and third.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Fine Running by Tincler.—Five thousand persons were at Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, on Saturday, when a half-mile handicap, for which ninety runners turned out, was decided. The event was run in six preliminary heats and a final, the concluding stage resulting thus: T. Dingwall, Kirkliston, 75yds start, 1; A. Paterson (Edinburgh), 60yds (last year's winner), 2; W. Struth (Edinburgh), 55yds, 3; A. Shanks (Airdrie), 65yds, 4. Won by 10yds: 12yds separating second and third. Time 1min 54½sec. H. Cullum, the half-mile Welsh champion, ran in the fifth heat from scratch, but retired a furlong from home. G. B Tincler, the one, two, and three miles champion, started from scratch and finished second in the preliminary heat won by Dingwall, the ultimate winner of the handicap. Tincler ran his first quarter in 57sec, and the whole distance in 1min 59sec.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF THE Duke of Westminster.—The Duke of Westminster left a big certainty in the shape of half a million yearly when he departed to fill the ranks of the ever-increasing majority. The Duke died soon after ten last Friday night week at his seat at St. Giles, Dorset. It was as a sportsman that the Duke excelled. He won the Derby with Bend Or in 1880, the Two Thousand and the Derby with Shotover in 1882, the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger with Ormonde in 1886, and the One Thousand with Farewell in 1885, and the best of the classic races of 1899 with Flying Fox. The Duke was rarely seen in the West-end in a high silk hat. He specially favoured the head-gear known as the "bowler." Even on Church parade in Hyde Park he seldom wore a tall hat. Not that he was careless of his attire or indifferent as to his appearance. But, like the majority of Londoners, he thought the low hat was the more comfortable, and, like the minority, he was not afraid of wearing it in the West End. A little anecdote in connection with this was told some years ago by a crossing-sweeper. He had not long been on his "pitch," and the poor man was very hard up, when one Christmas morning "a broken-down swell"—to quote his description—gave him, unsolicited, half a sovereign. He frequently saw that "broken-down swell," and often received a good tip from him, but weeks elapsed before he knew that his friend in need was the millionaire duke.

The funeral of the cremated remains of the Duke of Westminster took place at Eccleston, near Eaton Hall, in the most inclement weather, on Thursday. The larger part of the service was gone through at Eaton chapel, where the Duchess, her children, and other relatives were assembled. The Marquis of Lorne, nephew of the Duke, represented Her Majesty, who sent a wreath of immortelles with the autograph "A mark of regret and regard and esteem from Victoria, R.I." The coffin containing the urn was placed in the grave where his Grace's first wife was interred.

AN ENGLISH SWIMMING CHAMpion Abroad.—George Kistler, who was at one time champion of the West Coast of England, is now swimming teacher to the Houston Club, University of Pennsylvania. He has been instructor to the university for three years, and has taught some of the best and fastest swimmers in the country; also the champion polo team for all colleges. E. Carroll, Schaeffer, is one of his protégés. Kistler describes him as "The champion of all champions America has yet produced." Only a little fellow weighing 135lb stripped, he can swim the Trudgeon stroke for any distance. In his last exploit he equalled the world's record. In a 220yd race (twelve lengths) he swam from scratch the distance in 2min 37sec. In New York he won the 100, 220, and 440 yards championships, beating all American records for the respective distances. Kistler expects to travel with him to Paris next year. George Kistler has also created records in America. In August last he swam fourteen miles in the Delaware River in 3hr 57min 20sec, beating all American records for that distance and place by over an hour. He wishes all his friends on this side, a Happy New Year. According to a set of American water-polo rules he has forwarded to us, the game is played quite differently to water-polo in England.

A WHIPPET SHOW will be held on Sunday next at the Henry the Eighth, Union Street, Boro'. A handsome prize will be given, and the chair will be taken during the evening by Messrs. Jack Hammond (Fox Hotel), Bill Higgins (Scotch Stores), and Walter Miller (Black Bull). "Caustic" will be M.C.

WHIPPETS.—A whippet show was held at the Black Bull, High Street, Borough (proprietor, Mr. Walter Miller) on Sunday evening last for a silver prize, presented by the proprietor. The room was crowded. The following were entered: Smith's Marion, Arkinson's Sailor, A. Rendall's Nell, Tyler's Stroller, Clark's Lill, Smith's Paddy, Coombe's Royal Rose, Smith's Tommy, Reeves's Half Caste, M.C., "Caustic." Mr. Morgan, of the King Henry the Eighth, Union Street, Borough, was in attendance, and Mr. Atkinson was chairman. Mr. Jack Hammond, Fox Hotel, Southwark, was loudly cheered, but could not occupy the chair. The judges were Joe English and "Whippet Joe." Mr. Atkinson was referee. A proposition and a vote of thanks were accorded to Messrs. Hammond and Morgan for attending. Some gentlemen from Poplar and Stepney and other enthusiasts made appropriate remarks. J. Tuhey, of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, was also present. In the first round Smith's Marion and Reeves's Half Caste, both fawn-coloured. The judges disagreed, but Half Caste, being the more compact, was returned the winner. Atkinson's Sailor beat Coombe's Royal Rose. Smith's Tommy (fawn), weight about 17½lb, beat Rendall's Nell (brindle), about 17lb, both bitches. Tyler's Stroller beat Smith's Paddy. Half Caste beat Clarke's Lill. Mr. Atkinson's Sailor beat Smith's Tommy. Half Caste beat Paddy. Sailor beat Half Caste in the final. Walter Wallace, Mr. Smith, of Poplar, and representatives from different parts were present. Mr. Walter Miller supervised the arrangements. The affair was a very great success.

LAST SUNDAY Prince Sochot was united to Miss Morris amidst the cheers and gleeful shouting of their assembled friends and followers. A member of a family famous for sport, everyone of them following his own sweet will, whether racing, coursing, boxing, rowing, running, swimming, &c., the Prince himself is a patron of all, but his principal hobbies are walking and boxing. The ceremony was performed at Stepney Green by the Rev. A. Stern, the friends of both joining in singing "O, Perfect Love," and Gounod's grand anthem "Sing Praises to the Lord," as they returned to their carriage. The bride was dressed in white satin, trimmed with Brussels point lace, the train being composed of the same material, lined with cream tinted chiffon. A reception, followed by a ball, took place at Great Prescott Street, and a large number of their acquaintances gave them a cordial welcome. A hard task awaited the representatives of the press, "the continental papers being well represented," and after a close bout the honours were carried off by Mrs. Woolf, who had on a soft dress of black crêpe de chine, with a touch of colour on the bodice relieving the whole, while close were the lady's daughters, Annie and Ray, in grey point d'esprit, looped up on one side with hydrangeas, the tunic falling over a tulle underskirt, finishing with ruchings at the hem; and Ray and Hannah Harris, the former in mauve, with insertions of crinkled gauze and lace, finishing with wired loops of deep mauve ribbon; the latter in a soft grey cashmere, trimmed with old lace and satin. Mrs. Cohen was in a fawn-coloured dress, the bodice trimmed with white chiffon strapped with silver embroidery; Mrs. Lewis in dark red illusion tulle, trimmed and edged with splendid embroideries. A young daughter of this lady looked well in a fairly representative Scotch costume. Our representative had the honour of a few dances with some of the ladies present, and the honours of the terpsichorean art were divided between Miss Woolf and Miss Harris. The handsomest couple in the hall were Mr. and Mrs. Woolf, while good old Lewis, a member of the groom's noble profession, saw to the wants of the youngsters, and deserves the thanks of all, including reporters. That champion of dancing, Mike Mendoza, gold and silver medallist, acted as M.C., and in the conclusion the statement must be made that a better one could not be found.

A REMARKABLE CATCH BET.—A remarkable suit was heard at Newark, New Jersey, last week, arising out of a wager. William Meyer bet Solomon Oury that Oury was unable to eat two eggs on an empty stomach. Oury accordingly mixed two eggs and swallowed them at a single gulp. He thereupon claimed the stakes. Meyer refused to pay, saying that as soon as the first egg was down the stomach was not empty. Oury pointed out he had taken both eggs together, to which Meyer retorted that if part of the second egg went down with part of the first the stomach was not empty when the whole of the first egg was swallowed. Oury brought an action to recover the amount of the bet. Lawyers were engaged by both sides, and the case attracted a great deal of interest among the local sporting fraternity. Finally, the jury decided in favour of Meyer, and expressed the opinion that Oury ought to be satisfied with having had the two eggs at Meyer's expense. Oury has given notice of appeal.

FOOTBALL.—A SPLENDID CHRISTmas box. — The eighth annual eccentric charity football match, "Top Hats v. Bonnets," played at Tufnell Park on Boxing Day, will return to the north and north-west London charities, without distinction, £400 as the proceeds of the match.

SPORT ON CHRISTMAS DAY AT the Cape.—A gymkhana was held on Christmas afternoon by the Cavalry Brigade, under the patronage of Lord Dundonald. The conditions were quite unique. The enemy was only a few miles away, and their outposts less than three miles, so that the whole camp had continually to be on the alert. The sports, however, were conducted with the utmost spirit. Amongst the chief events were the Tugela Plate, the Colenso Derby, and the Chieveley Stakes, all of which were hotly contested. The meeting was a great success.

MOUTH-ORGAN PLAYING.—A gentleman will back Edie Mercer against any other girl in Lambeth to play a succession of tunes on the mouth-organ for a five pound note and upwards.

OLD JOE SPENCER, the octogenarian champion long-distance walker, will take a benefit at the Walworth Palace of Varieties, Camberwell Gate, on January 2, 3, 4, and 5. Old Joe, not long since, completed a walk of 4,000 miles in 2,000 hours at the Fulham Cross Athletic Grounds, when his solatium for this grand performance by a man long over eighty years of age was under a tenner.

MORE VOLUNTEER ATHLETES for the Front.—A Well-Known Lancashire Footballer Volunteers for the War.—Amongst the members of the Worsley troop of the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry who have volunteered for active service is Mr. Thomas Jackson, a clerk employed in the offices of the trustees of the Duke of Bridgwater at Walkden. Jackson is a well-known and popular Rugby footballer, being one of the three-quarter-backs of the Broughton Rangers Club.

DEATH OF THE CELEBRATED Footballist, Harry Bradshaw, and another Noted Player.—At Tottenham an inquest was held on Thomas Henry ("Harry") Bradshaw, aged twenty-six, the famous professional Association football player, and captain of the Thames Ironworks team, who had, when at Liverpool, represented England in the International with Ireland. On Christmas Day he witnessed the match at Tottenham between Tottenham Hotspur and Portsmouth. When he reached home he suddenly became unwell, and died almost directly. Death was found to be due to the bursting of a blood-vessel in the brain, and the doctor in his evidence said this might have been the result of an injury to his head which the deceased sustained when playing in a match four years ago. A verdict of "natural death" was returned. Rugby footballers in the North of England will doubtless learn with regret of the death of Mr. Thomas Faulkner, of Tudhoe, which took place in the Durham Infirmary early last week. He was acknowledged to be one of the best forwards in Durham, and frequently played for the county, while some seven or eight seasons ago he took part in the North v. South match at Blackheath. Faulkner was a regular member of the Tudhoe Club up to his retirement three years ago.

DEATH OF A DUBLIN CYCLIST.—The death occurred in Dublin on Wednesday of Mr. W. F. McCourt, who in the days of the old ordinary was a prominent figure on Irish cycling tracks. He was a very useful handicap rider, and, amongst other events, he won the twenty-mile inter-club championship. He was doing a successful business in the cycle agency line. The cause of death was typhoid fever, and his demise at the early age of thirty-six is sad.

THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.—We are fond of comparing present day sporting feats with those of our ancestors, much to the disadvantage of the latter, and the feat of Messrs. Lehmann and Goldie, of which so much was made in the newspapers—rowing from Bourne End to Putney in 9hr 35min—is not to be compared to a match made seventy-five years ago, particulars of which are given in the Sporting Magazine of the period. The wager, which was for £200, was laid between Captain Standen and Sir John Burgoyne. The terms of the match were that six officers of the 3rd Guards should row in a six-oared wherry from Oxford to London in sixteen consecutive hours. The crew consisted of Captains Short, Hon. J. Westenra, Douglas, Blanc, Hudson, and Standen, with Isaac King as coxswain. At 3.1 a.m. on May 12, 1824, the word "Go" was given; at 11.30 Boulter's Lock was reached; Windsor at 1.0 p.m.; Putney at six o'clock; and at 6.45 the boat arrived at Westminster Bridge, thus completing a distance of 118 miles, amid the acclamations of thousands of spectators, fifteen minutes under the stipulated time. They declared that they would have arrived an hour earlier if the wind had been in their favour. Bets of 4 to 1 against the performance were made, and it is stated that no less than £15,000 changed hands over the event. Taking into consideration the difference in build and weight of the wherry and the skiff used by the Cantabs, the performance of September 20, 1899, compares unfavourably with that of 1824.

CHESS PLAYING.—J. Newlands, of Glasgow, is willing to meet any amateur chess player in England or Scotland for any suitable amount.

"MIRROR OF LIFE" LESSONS IN BOXING FOR BOYS.

SECOND LESSON.

THE HOME GYMNASIUM.

FIRST STEPS IN BOXING.

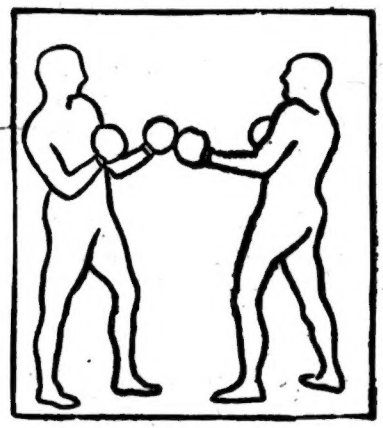
(COPYRIGHT.)

FIRST of all find some other boy to box with.

He should be somewhere near your own size and build, for it is not good to begin by boxing with a person much larger, heavier, and cleverer, or smaller, weaker, and slower than yourself.

You and your opponent should start about equal. As you learn to box better you can begin to box with men a little more expert than yourself, in order to improve your skill, but don't do it at first.

While I believe that the best fighters are men of the John L. Sullivan type—"natural" fighters who trust to nature rather than to science—yet it is important for an amateur to learn the old rules and motions of regular boxing. Stand up in



ON GUARD.

front of me now, put on your 8oz gloves and I'll give you your first lesson.

Wait a minute, though.

Push back the bed, table, and chairs against the wall, and leave as much free space to move about in as possible. You should box, if you can, in a large, empty room.

If you don't care to buy a boxing suit, wear a pair of old trousers with a belt, rubber soled slippers or shoes and an undershirt.

And don't use your teeth to pull on your boxing gloves. Your teeth are good, useful things, but they were not made for that purpose. Pull on your gloves carefully and don't leave them knocking around the floor after you're through with them. It is such rough usage, and not boxing, that wears out gloves and spoils their shape.

Now, then, come to guard!

Stand with the left foot advanced about 15in or 18in in front of the right. Don't spoil your balance by holding your feet a yard or so apart, as people do in fancy boxing pictures.

ATTITUDE ON GUARD.

Rest the weight on the ball of the foot Rest most of it on the left foot in advancing. This not only braces you to resist a blow, but adds force to your own blows, and enables you to throw more strength into back, arms, and shoulders.

The toes of the left foot should be straight in front, not turned out or in. Turn the right foot out at an angle of about 45 degrees, as a rule, though you will soon learn by experience at what angle you can most conveniently hold it. When standing on guard keep the knees unbent and the legs straight. Stand so that your weight can be readily shifted from foot to foot. Practise this until it becomes natural. The right heel should be on line with the left.

Now that disposes of the body below the waist. Before we go higher let me impress on you the absolute need of learning how to use the feet and legs in boxing. They are well nigh as important as the hands. Work hard to gain a "boxing balance" by constantly shifting the weight from foot to foot, by jumping backward, forward, and sideways, always coming down in position, but with the knees slightly bent to avoid any jar. Do this in the course of your before-breakfast gymnastics, holding a 1lb dumb-bell in each hand, also moving about the floor quickly, and striking, guarding, and ducking (still with the dumb-bells) as if you had a real opponent instead of empty air in front of you. Jumping about the room this way, making warlike gyrations with the dumb-bells, is not only first-rate exercise, but quickly teaches you your balance.

Hold the body upright, above the hips, not bending forward or leaning too far back. Keep the chest out and the shoulders back when on guard. Bend back very slightly, but not enough to injure your balance or to prevent you from changing position or from hitting with quickness.

Hold the right arm partly across the body with the right glove in the centre to guard the wind. The glove should be held only about six inches or so from the body. The right glove should usually be held (while at guard) at about the height of the mark. The mark—or rather Broughton's mark, because that pugilist brought the hit into vogue—is the nerve centre, situated just below the point where the ribs begin to diverge into a letter A. It is about here that many a man has been struck, with the effect of losing the bout, or at the very least, having his wind badly damaged. It is an important point to guard.

The left arm should be extended somewhat further, but not so far that it cannot guard the heart in a close-quarter scrimmage. It is with the left arm, remember, that you do most of your leading, while the right should be reserved for close-quarter work and for guarding.

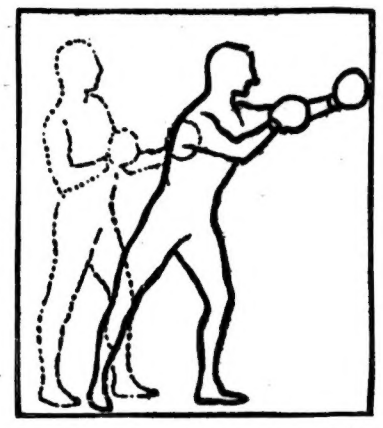
After you become proficient you can change this guard to suit yourself, but it is well to begin in this way.

Turn the head a little more to the right, not too far, but enough to avoid offering a full face to your opponent's attack.

The first move in boxing (as taught in many good schools) is the straight left lead.

Hit out with your left for my face. Don't haul your arm away back before hitting. If you did that in a real fight I would not only know just what you were about to do, but, while your arm was going so far back, mine would be shooting forward.

Just hit out straight for my face with your left; not stiffly, but letting the shoulder



LEFT LEAD FOR FACE, SHOWING CHANGE OF POSITION.

go with the blow, and at the same time not twisting the body out of position, but bending slightly forward to give weight to the blow.

The moment the blow has fairly landed get your arm back to position. Be sure not to lower your right-hand guard when hitting thus with the left. If you do you have both heart and wind exposed.

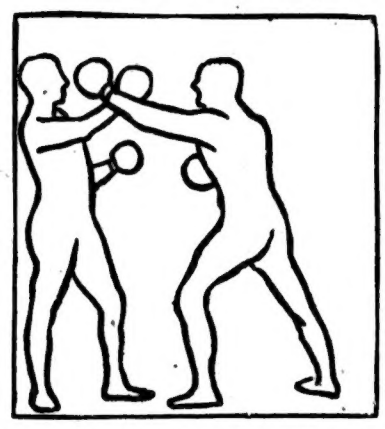
Next lead with the right for my face in the same manner, avoiding the same mistakes.

Get back on guard. Lead for my face with the left and bring it back to guard. Then lead for my face with the right, bringing that back, too. Repeat this several times. Don't bend the knees when leading for the face.

These two simple blows are among the first principles in boxing, and, easy as they seem, they need a lot of practice.

Now let me show you how to parry those two straight leads.

I will lead at you, and you can parry When I lead with the left for your face raise your right arm obliquely, keeping the wrist well above the elbows, so that my blow will slant off your arm and not jar it too



LEFT LEAD FOR FACE AND RIGHT GUARD FOR IT.

hard. Be sure to throw the forearm upward and outward with the hands turned out, so as to catch the blow on the fleshy part of the arm.

Raise the arm in time to stop my blow. Catch the blow on the arm if possible, and not on the glove. In a bare fist encounter you would have no pillow-like glove to trust to.

Now I'll lead with my right for your face. Put up your left arm in the same manner to parry the blow. Now I will lead with left and then right. Parry both in succession, dropping each hand back to position as soon as you have parried with it.

You boys can practise these two blows and parries together now until our next lesson. Let one of you lead while the other parries, then turn about and keep it up until you get it correctly. If you bear in mind what I have said about the position of the body and the mistakes to be avoided you will find this quite enough for your first lesson.

Get two punching bags for gymnasium work if you can, one heavy, one light. Use the heavy one at first to teach you how to hit. Practise on it each blow as I teach it to you. The lighter bag can be used later to make you quick in leading, ducking, and getting out of the way. Hit out hard and from the shoulder at the bag, not little, half-hearted blows. It won't hit back.

Next week I'll show you some good body blows and how to use your feet.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WILD ROSE OF WILTON,

Queen of a Troublous Band of Thieves over Whom She Ruled.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

"THE Wild Rose of Wilton," the nineteen-year-old queen of a rural band of robbers, who in plain life is Minnie Brotherton, is in trouble again. This time it is for stealing a horse. She was locked up in the county gaol here, having been bound over by a Justice of the Peace in New Canaan on complaint of Nelson F. Spear.

"The Wild Rose" first became famous two years ago, when she was arrested and confessed to being the queen of a troublesome band of petty thieves. She grew up in the woods as wild and rugged as her surroundings. She was pretty as a gipsy, wayward, and idolised by the band of six young men over whom she ruled.

Her ambition was to imitate the queens of cheap fiction. She lived with her parents in an old tumble-down house in the hills. A chorus of whistles at night summoned her to the band. After her release she ran away and was married.

A TEXAN FAMILY FEUD.

George Pascoe the last of the Family.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

AT Talequah on the Arkansas River, near the Indian territory, a Texan family feud has been in existence several years. As their fathers fought, the sons and nephews have continued to foster the ill feeling, and when opportunity offers one or the other will lay his enemy low with his revolver or gun. George Pascoe, who lived at Pine Bluff, was the last to fall. Three brothers Socroper in the night paid their enemy a visit, and surprised the man in a state of nudity and shot him dead, but not before one of them received a mortal wound.

A GROUP OF PROMINENT BOXERS AND THEIR PATRONS.

(*With Portrait.*)

TOM LOFTUSHOUSE

hails from the Emerald Isle, Tuan, Co. Galway. Jem Birchall had the honour of introducing Loftushouse along with "Bug" Conway—who is now one of the "Soldiers of the Queen" that are helping to build up the Empire in the Transvaal—to the Manchester public, the pair making their début at the defunct Ormonde Club as the Londoner's Midgets. Several years elapsed, however, before Loftushouse took seriously to the business. In fact, it was not until February, 1898, that he entered the 8st 4lb open amateur competition at Manchester Gymnastic Club, but was defeated by Jack Wall, of Salford, in the third round; gained a 7st 10lb competition; beat Alf Hazlegrove; J. Stubbs, of Salford, in 10rds; won a 7st 10lb competition; beat "Kid" Veitch, of Newcastle; beat Tom Oakby; beaten by Alf Hazlegrove; won an 8st competition; beaten by J. E. Sloan, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HARRY McLEAVY

was born at Manchester on January 21, 1878. Three years ago he entered a 6st 4lb competition at the Excelsior Gymnastic Club, Manchester, and after beating Simpson, Gibbons, Clarke, Daly, and Martin Ford, was presented with a medal for the performance, winning another 6st 8lb competition shortly afterwards at the same club. Beaten by Jack Filbin in 10rds; beat Bob Mitchell, of Manchester; Doyle, of Oldham; Rigney, of Oldham; Alf Richardson, of Stalybridge; also beat Rigney again; beaten by Joe Williams, of Rotherham.

TOMMY WEBSTER.

The subject of this brief sketch is a brother of the well-known "Billy" of that ilk who is matched to fight Jack Peason, of Leeds, late of Manchester, this month. He is a painstaking trainer of boxers and athletes, and deserves more engagements.

MR. J. F. HAGUE

is well-known in Cottonopolis boxing circles as a generous patron of the sport, and is very popular with all classes of athletes. He is a capital wheelman, and last season, attired in the costume of the "Duke of Buckingham," carried all before him at the numerous charity bicycle parades in Manchester and surrounding districts, capturing the splendid gold medal at Urmston, a case of cutlery at Ashton, and a sewing machine at Shaw, in addition to other trophies. He is "mine host" of the Derby Arms, Wilmott Street, Hulme, where the current issue and back numbers of THE MIRROR OF LIFE are always on hand.

THE MESSENGER BOY RECEIVES HIS INSTRUCTIONS,

And Carefully Conveyed the Baby Home.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

VARIOUS and onerous are the duties of the messenger boy, a flying visit half-way round the world or a short trip round the corner are equally taken up by the London Mercury, and executed with despatch, providing, of course, that no adventure is encountered on the road. A horse down, the road up, or better still a fire, will sometimes delay the youth who was never known to run, but it is safe to say he eventually arrives at his destination in course of time, otherwise the well-dressed lady at Cannon Street who entrusted her encumbrance to the careful protection of the little liveried messenger might have lost or found it gone astray in transit.

MICK O'BRIEN,

A Useful Little Bantam with His "Dukes."

(*With Portrait.*)

BEAT Mamley, of Basey, 1rd; beat Bryant, of Marylebone, 1rd; beat Collins, of Hammersmith, 10rds; beat Hall, of Lambeth, 6rds; beat Donovan, of Clare Market, 6rds; beat North, of Clare Market, 4rds; beat Farrell, of Clare Market, 5rds; beat Ned Kiley, of Marylebone, 7rds; lost, P. Welsh, of Holborn, 6rds, N.S.C.; beat Johnson, of Walworth, 4rds; beat Donovan, of Clare Market, 4rds; beat Collins, of Hammersmith, 1rd; lost, Mansfield, of Bristol, 20rds; beat Mike Singleton, 8rds; beat Bert Smith, 4rds.

SCENE IN THE CRIMINAL COURT AT BRUSSELS.

The Types of Evil-doers which are Found on the Continent.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

ALL the world over the criminal population in any country are much the same in type. The interior of a police-court in Brussels is identical with our own; the rogues and pickpockets are equally in evidence there as here. Brussels can boast of one of the finest structures in the world, and its Court of Justice, which rise towering above the town, in design and beauty is without equal in this or any Continental city.

JEM ARNOLD, of Brynmawr, seeing that Dai Jenkins and Reece Owen cannot come to terms without a lot of talk, a gentleman will back Arnold for £5 to £20 to box either of them the best of twenty rounds. This is also open to Foster, of Cardiff. An early answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will lead to business.

A SCENE IN THE GREAT BALL

The Red and White Roses, Four Beautiful Dancers, who are Making a Name, and At

LLET AT THE CASINO, HAMBURG.

d Attracting Large Audiences to Witness their Marvellous Evolutions in the Mazy Whirl.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during January:—

JAN. 6.—J. T. Hull's Boxing Tournament, Drill Hall, Woolwich.

JAN. 8.—Terry McGovern v. George Dixon, New York City.

JAN. 9.—Jack Jones v. "Kid" Veitch, twenty rounds, at the Stalybridge Gymnastic Club.

JAN. 9.—C. Taylor v. G. Bishop, twenty rounds, Smith Saloon, Birmingham.

JAN. 15.—At the National Sporting Club, Jack Scales v. Dick Jordan, fifteen rounds.

JAN. 15.—Ben Harris's Boxing Entertainment at the Tee-To-Tum Club, Stamford Hill.

JAN. 22.—At the National Sporting Club, "Ginger" Elliot v. Tom Ganley, twenty rounds.

JAN. 22.—Will Curley v. Nat Smith, twenty rounds, at Jemmy Lowes, Hexham House, Newcastle.

JAN. 23.—Con Donovan's 7st 4lb Competition for a massive silver championship belt, at St. George's Hall, Westminster Bridge Road.

JAN. 29.—At the National Sporting Club, Mike Reilly v. Matt Precious, twenty rounds.

JAN. 29.—J. Austin v. H. Clarkson, twenty rounds, at the Bradford Gymnastic Club.

"KID" McCOY KNOCKS OUT PETER MAHER.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, JANUARY 2.—Although almost blizzard weather, there was a large gathering at the Coney Island Sporting Club yesterday afternoon to witness the contest between Maher and McCoy. Maher was the favourite. Odds of 100 to 70 were at first laid on him, but then after several bets of 100 to 80, a wager of 1,500dols. at even money was recorded. Charley White, of New York, was the referee. The fight had been timed for three o'clock, but at 3.41 there were no signs of the men, and the crowd was very impatient. It was believed that a row over the referee caused the delay. McCoy was now favourite at 100 to 90 on, with few takers, and by four o'clock odds of 100 to 60 were laid on McCoy at the ring side with no takers. At 4.15 Charley White was selected as referee. The delay, it appeared, was also due to the fact that the purse money of 20,000dols., of which the winner was to receive 15,000, had not been put up, but it was announced that the men had agreed to fight for the gross receipts of the house, which were little over 16,000dols. At 4.45 McCoy entered the ring, Maher following a few seconds later. McCoy gave his weight at 163lb, Maher's being 172lb. The men agreed to box under Queensberry rules. McCoy brought his own gloves, but Maher refused to allow him to wear them, and the men fought with gloves furnished by the club. McCoy objected to wearing the club's gloves. The referee overruled him, but nevertheless McCoy donned his own gloves, claiming that he could not wear those provided by the club. The referee was just as persistent, as the rules say that new gloves shall be used. Charley White, the referee, remained obdurate, backed by Maher's protest. It was explained that McCoy refused to wear other gloves than his own, and that Maher would not consent to fight unless McCoy donned those of the club. McCoy at last gave in, and put on the club's gloves. White announced he would disqualify either who persisted in defying his ruling.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The men having shaken hands, McCoy took the offensive, getting in a left hook on the jaw, which floored Maher. The latter was up in two seconds. McCoy tried to cross, but missed. Maher twice tried for the head, but "Kid" got away neatly. McCoy sent his left to the body, and Maher, in an attempt to return the blow, slipped and fell, but quickly regained his feet. They clinched, and Maher forced "Kid" to the ropes, where he put his right on McCoy's body. "Kid" broke away nicely, and after a little sparring put a left to Maher's stomach. Round 2. Both came up laughing, each sparring for an opening. Peter made a vicious right and left swing, neither landing, and at close quarters "Kid" got right and left to the body. As they broke away "Kid" reached the jaw with the left. They mixed it up, Maher landing right and left on the body in the breakaway, and then the left again. "Kid" measured his man with a right on the jaw, and sent Maher on his hands and knees. Maher rose in four seconds, and rushed in madly, reaching the body, while McCoy jabbed his left three times in his face. Maher forced McCoy to the ropes, and "Kid" slipped to the floor. As soon as he got up he sent his left to Maher's face, knocking his head back. McCoy next sent two lefts to the jaw, following up with a right which turned Maher's head sideways as the gong sounded. Round 3. McCoy came up more confident than ever, while Peter wore an anxious look, but seemed very determined. Maher forced "Kid" to the ropes, but McCoy hooked his left to the jaw, and, escaping a return, twice jabbed his left in Maher's stomach. After a clinch McCoy sent Maher back with two left hooks on the jaw, and followed with another, knocking Maher three yards back. In a break-away "Kid" sent his right on the face and stomach. Maher tried to mix it up, and forced "Kid" to the ropes, but McCoy fought back to the centre of the ring, where he got in a straight left on the face just as the bell sounded. Round 4. McCoy was the quicker on his feet. Both sparred carefully. Maher forced McCoy into the corner, and landed his left in the face, jarring McCoy. In a mix-up Peter got his right to the head, and McCoy was cautioned for holding. McCoy then sent his left to the face and body. Maher reached the face without a return. McCoy broke ground repeatedly, and then sent his left to the face, but Peter got in with the left repeatedly on "Kid's" head, while McCoy got one home in the wind. They clinched, and Peter was cautioned for holding, but at the same time he sent a left hook to McCoy's face. This was Maher's round. Round 5 and last. Maher forced the pace. Both landed lefts on the head, and then Peter sent another left to the face, "Kid" countering. Maher shot his left to the throat, and tried to cross with his right, but missed. McCoy landed hard lefts on the jaw, and Peter was forced to clinch. McCoy then dropped Maher with a left swing on the jaw. Maher was counted out, and McCoy won. The time of the last round was 2min. 32sec. McCoy made a host of friends from the moment he donned the club's gloves and went at Maher. From the first McCoy proved himself the cleverer man. All his actions denoted cleverness, while Maher's work was that of a sluggard who can hit hard, with poor defence to back him in his efforts. McCoy was always on the alert for an opening, and found many, and when in the fifth and final round he sent a slashing left on the mark, there was nothing for Maher to do but go down and stay there until the referee counted him out.

ENGLISH PUGILISTS IN FRANCE.—More than sixty years ago a Paris court made it clear that the "Prize ring" would not be tolerated in France. Two English boxers, named Swift and Adams, were summoned before the tribunal of correctional police on January 5, 1839, accused of having engaged in a pugilistic encounter on September 5 in the previous year. Owen Swift's name was notorious from the fact that during 1838 he had killed "Brighton Bill," who was his third victim. The match in France, which was for a stake of £100, took place at Charenton, on the farm of an Englishman named Drake. A neighbour, seeing several carriages arrive in front of Mr. Drake's field, asked some Englishmen what they were going to do. On their reply, "We are going to amuse ourselves," he watched and saw all the preparations for the fight, but was not present when it took place. He only knew that bets to a large amount were depending on it. The King's advocate, M. Thevenin, protested loudly against the kind of spectacle which these boxers wished to introduce into France, calling it "ignoble, degrading, and barbarous." The president pronounced Swift and Adams guilty, condemning each to thirteen months' imprisonment.

HARRY WESTBROOKE'S entertainment at St. George's Hall will take place on January 18, when there will be two fifteen rounds contests, one ten rounds, two six rounds, one four rounds, and special engagement of Mat Palmer and Ernie Plummer, champion ball puncher, in their boxing and great ball punching act.

CONTEST BETWEEN WOODE, OF LONDON, AND JACK ROBERTS, SCOTLAND.

JACK ROBERTS, late of Scotland, and Bill Woode, London, met at the Gun Hotel, King's Lynn, Norfolk, recently, in a twenty rounds contest for a stake and purse given by a few sportsmen of Lynn. A small fortune was won and lost. Woode knocked Roberts out after one of the gamest fights ever seen here. Woode was first to enter the ring attired in short black drawers with a red, white and blue handkerchief at his waist, and looked very fit, bar a damaged eye. Roberts was attired in red knickers, and wore Ben Jordan's colours at his waist. He looked tired and worried, as if he were overtrained. Woode favourite at 6 to 4. £60 to £40 were taken freely by Roberts's supporters, although their man was in such bad condition. At the call of time both men were at the centre together, and refusing to shake hands started their work at once. Mr. Jack Hartford, shipbuilder, of Lynn, was referee, while Jack Morris held the watch.

THE CONTEST.

Round 1. The start was very warm, both going for all they were worth. Roberts scored hard on the body, Woode on the head in the last six seconds. Roberts got home a smashing right on the jaw, dropping Woode to the floor at the call of time. From the first to the fourteenth round it was give and take. Roberts tried four times for a knock-out, but only reached Woode's neck, Woode sending some smashing lefts on the body, but there was nothing to choose between them at the finish of the fourteenth round. Roberts's father made a bet five times from Mr. Phillips, of Cromer. Round 15. A great round followed, both banging away in the most resolute fashion. Roberts went very fast, considering his want of condition, and after both reaching the floor, Roberts rolled outside the ring, to jump back immediately with a wicked smile on his face at the call of time. Round 16. Woode shot his left under the chin, which sent the half Scotchman to the ropes. The latter rebounded, and sent the left on the face with good force. Woode getting to close quarters, brought his right in contact with the ribs, and later he uppercut his adversary in neat style. Round 17. Roberts started with some straight lefts in the throat, and getting some good rights under the heart Woode forced all round the ring, Roberts showing his bulldog pluck, which his father was noted for. Woode tried a couple of rights which only brushed Roberts's head. Roberts in the last five seconds planted two well delivered rights on the jaw, which dropped Woode to the floor, Roberts waiting for him to rise, but the call of time came to Woode's assistance, and saved him the fight, as it was all Woode could do to walk to his corner. Round 18. Woode very groggy. Roberts as eager as ever, feinting with the left, he sent the right with marvellous force on the jaw, dropping Woode to the floor, Woode being down nine seconds, Roberts following him all over the ring, using his left only. Woode on the defence; it was seen at once that Roberts had injured his right arm, as it hung by his side useless. Time being called Roberts walked to his corner, saying: "It's all up, dad; our luck's out, my right wrist is broken." Cries of "Stop the fight," "Declare Roberts the winner," were shouted all over the hall. The referee asking Roberts if he would give Woode the fight called out "No. I cannot beat him now with one hand, but he has got to beat me, as a Roberts never gives in while he can stand." Round 19 and last. Roberts first to the centre, with his right hand by his side. Woode still groggy, but seeing Roberts's condition went after him, and delivering right and left on his unprotected body and head sent Roberts to the boards seven times, Roberts always rising with a laugh, saying, "Can't you knock out a one-armed man?" Roberts got his left in twice, but Woode getting in a right-handed punch under the heart dropped Roberts to the boards for the ninth time, Roberts rising in six seconds, only to be sent down with a smashing right on the jaw, and failing to rise in the stipulated time Woode was declared the winner. The sportsmen hooted and hissed the verdict, and breaking through the ropes all wanted to shake hands with the game loser, who had got to his corner and was having his glove cut off his damaged wrist. A sportsman present started a subscription for the unlucky and game loser, being his own money he fought for. The winner was looked after by Ted Bromley and "Spider" Nice, while Roberts was attended by his father and Ben Cooper.

FRED DUFFIT, of Camberwell, in reply to his challengers, will box any of them after his match with Charlie Brigden, which takes place at the Glengall.

HARRY BROWN, coloured champion of the North, wishes to return his sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. McPherson for their kindness to him during his short stay in Ireland. Any letter addressed to 34, Meaburn Street, Liverpool, will be properly attended to.

TERRY McGOVERN KNOCKS OUT HARRY FORBES.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 23, 1899.—Terry McGovern, the phenomenal little Brooklyn boy who has been knocking out all comers in the bantam-weight class of late, put a stop to the aspirations of Harry Forbes, the crack Chicago pugilist, in the second round at the Broadway A.C. last night. McGovern knocked out Forbes once before, but it took fifteen rounds to do the job. This time, however, Terry was faster, more aggressive, and hit more powerfully than in the previous encounter. Forbes, who is undoubtedly a clever boxer, never had a chance. He made a grievous mistake when he went in to mix it up, for his blows had no effect on McGovern, who ended the battle with a clean right hook on the jaw on the breakaway from a clinch. When the fight was over Al Smith, the well-known sporting man, offered 1,000dols to 600dols that McGovern would defeat George Dixon in their coming fight. The short end was forthcoming without delay and the money was posted on the spot with Joe Dunn, the official timekeeper of the Broadway A.C. Smith had 10,000dols to wager against 6,000dols on the same proposition. "I will cut it up into small wagers, 1,000dols to 600dols," said Smith, "for I consider McGovern the most wonderful pugilist of his weight in the world." This offer will undoubtedly make McGovern a hot favourite when he enters the ring with the noted feather-weight champion. There wasn't standing room as this go ended, fully 5,000 persons being inside the doors and many more in the streets, clamouring in vain for admission. The chief betting was 5 to 4 that McGovern would stop Forbes inside of ten rounds. Terry was 100 to 40 favourite, with few taking the short end. The fact that Forbes received credit for giving McGovern his hardest fight, lasting fifteen rounds, at the Greenwood A.C., last summer, convinced a large number of sporting speculators that the conqueror of "Pedlar" Palmer would have his hands full in achieving a quicker victory than before. When McGovern entered the ring he was wildly cheered. As soon as Forbes appeared Terry walked over to his corner and cordially shook hands with the Chicagoan. George Dixon was introduced, and also received an ovation. He shook hands, too, with both men. McGovern was handled by Sam Harris, Charley Mayhood, Terry Lee, and Danny Dougherty. Forbes's seconds were Fred Voight, Pat Early, Harry Metzger, and Eddie Voight. The conditions of the match were twenty-five rounds at 118lb, Queensberry rules. Round 1. When McGovern came up, Forbes began light foot-work, skipping around the edge of the ring on the defensive. Terry tried a couple of swings that were wide, and Forbes put in two quick lefts to the head. McGovern got his man cornered, but Forbes's quick defence prevented Terry from whipping in his rapid body blows. Forbes took a chance with wild swings, but he did not have much power in his blows, and McGovern, again forcing him into a corner, shot over fierce swings, which brought the Chicago man into a clinch as the gong rang. Round 2. Forbes was cool-headed, and evidently believed that he had solved McGovern's methods. But when Terry came out this time he decided to go in for a knock-out. With a right on the jaw Terry scored a knockdown. Forbes took a count, and when he got to his feet he mixed it with the Brooklyn boy. Left and right they swung to the head and stomach until they were clinched, with McGovern against the ropes. On the breakaway McGovern hooked up the right, and catching the Chicago man on the point of the jaw he sent him down helpless. Forbes had no chance, and was practically out, but before the referee could count the seconds his handlers threw up the sponge. It was 1min 33sec after the beginning of the round when it was all over.

RETURN OF DAVE WALLACE.—Dave Wallace has returned from America with a sore head. He complains, like the rest of the travellers, that he was badly treated, the date of his fight being repeatedly changed, and finally he was called upon to do battle at twenty-four hours' notice, when totally unfit to fulfil his engagements. (Wallace forgets that a boxer on active service should be always fit and ready.) After entering the ring he suddenly became dazed, and in consequence was unable to show his true form. John L. Sullivan and Delaney were very kind to Wallace, and presented him with a gold-mounted stick before leaving for home. In regard to the report circulated that Wallace lost the fight through nervousness, he says there is not the slightest foundation for the statement, and he thinks those who have witnessed his contests in this country will not readily believe such was the case. Wallace is ready and willing to box any lad in England at 8st 12lb. First come, first served.

"JEWEY" TURNER, of Hackney, is open to box Fred Delaney, of Woolwich, at 8st 4lb, give or take 2lb. If he means business Turner will deposit £5 at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office.

GUS RUHLIN DEFEATS "STOCKINGS" CONROY.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20.—"Stockings" Conroy, the Troy heavyweight, was punched into submission by Gus Ruhlin, of Akron, Ohio, in the seventh round at the Broadway A.C. last night. Conroy was plucky, but no match for his conqueror, who had a comparatively easy task. When Conroy was hopelessly whipped, Referee Charley White interfered. Ruhlin was a prohibitive favourite over Conroy. The latter's seconds were Jimmy Dime, Ed. McDaniels, and Frank Hart. Ruhlin's handlers were Billy Madden, Crocky Boyle, and Joe Hurst. Ruhlin said he weighed 190lb. Conroy tipped the beam at 200lb. They were to go twenty rounds. When they shook hands Ruhlin was the taller and had a longer reach. He was in splendid condition, while Conroy was hog fat. Ruhlin was the aggressor. He drove in powerful punches to the Troy man's paunch. Conroy mixed it and cut the bridge of Ruhlin's nose for first blood. Conroy showed heavy hitting ability, but was very slow. Ruhlin shot his left into the face with speed and strength as the second round began. His right went ploughing into the body, Conroy mixing and clinching. Ruhlin let up a bit then, and Conroy began to rush in with swings, one of which caught the Akron giant high up in the jaw. Conroy was dangerous, but Ruhlin held him safe all through the round. Conroy met rushes in the third round with right-handers on the kidneys. Ruhlin jarred him with straight lefts on the chin, and kept on with his body blows. Conroy continued to get his right around on the kidneys, but Ruhlin seemed to be slowly wearing him down. In the fourth Conroy received a solid smash on the nose which made his head rock back and forth. Ruhlin had no trouble in getting home his blows, and it looked like a short fight. Conroy took all sorts of smashes without weakening, and was still willing to indulge in off-hand slugging when the bell rang. Conroy rushed as the fifth round began, and landed heavily over the eye. Ruhlin stood away until "Stockings" slowed up, and then whipped in lefts to the neck. Both of Conroy's eyes were swelling as he sat down. He was also puffing like a porpoise. Conroy employed rushing tactics in the sixth. Ruhlin received some hard knocks, but his powerful physique enabled him to respond with blows that perceptibly weakened the Troy pugilist. Conroy was a punching bag in the seventh. Ruhlin put it all over his man, cutting his face to ribbons and scoring two knockdowns. Conroy was reeling helplessly when his antagonist suddenly became merciful, and asked the referee to stop the fight. White did not interfere, however, until two minutes and fifty-eight seconds had elapsed. Then he saved Conroy from further punishment by getting between the men and declaring Ruhlin the winner.

CONTEST BETWEEN DAN HARRINGTON, R.N., and Tom Lidstone, R.N., both of Plymouth.—The conditions were fifteen rounds, £10 a-side, 4oz gloves, and both men were in good condition, but Lidstone was just 13lb heavier than Harrington. The fight was fast and furious from the start, Harrington having the best on points up to the eighth round, when Lidstone got level. Up to the thirteenth round Harrington again had the best of the deal, but weight told, and at the end of the fifteenth round the referee declared the fight a draw, a verdict which was received with tremendous cheering. There were several London sporting gentlemen present, and it was the general comment it was one of the fairest and gamest battles they had seen. Harrington can be backed to fight Lidstone again at 10st 8lb for any part of £50 in six weeks' time. It may be mentioned that Harrington injured his left hand severely in the second round, and was greatly handicapped thereby.

BEN HARRIS'S NEW BOXING PITCH.—Some time since Ben Harris, with money in all his pockets, was seeking for a large hall in which to promote the noble art. What with Jewish weddings and Christmas festivities, Benny found most of the halls in the metropolis engaged. Just when the weight of the bullion was causing the downfall of the pockets, Benny happened to stroll down St. Ann's Road, Stamford Hill. A high wall, with the notice Tee-To-Tum Athletic Grounds, attracted Benny's attention. Benny at that moment was bold and "brassy," he saw the management, dazzled it by the sight of hundreds of freshly minted sovs, and Benny's first boxing show will take place on Monday, January 15, with others to follow. Popular favourites of the neighbourhood are engaged to box for good purses, prominent among whom Charlie Brown, better known as Bert Wood, and Archie Phillips, both of Stamford Hill, will be one of the chief attractions on the first night.

HARRY SLOUGH will box any lad in England at 6st 10lb. No one barred.

CHARLEY GOFF KNOCKS OUT GEOFFREY THORNE.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22.—Charley Goff, the California middleweight, gave a quick but decisive beating to Geoffrey Thorne, the Englishman, last night before a small crowd at the Hercules A.C., of Brooklyn. Thorne, who had been many times spoken of as the best man England could produce at the present stage, was the favourite in the betting before the bout went on, but Goff went for him so hard and so cleverly in the first round that the odds were at once reversed. The pair were pretty well matched in physique. Goff was rather the taller, and had the longer reach, but Thorne looked the muscular, sturdy fighter he has the reputation of being. Thorne opened business in the first round with an attack for the head, which Goff cleverly declined to stand for. Goff, who was pretty with his stops, made a sudden step back and return, and the first thing Thorne knew he was on the floor from a lovely left on the jaw. The Englishman bounded to his feet, and a minute of long-range fighting followed. Thorne got in a right straight on the jaw, and a right swing on the ear. The tall, thin chap from California refused to be feased, and soaked Thorne on the jaw with a left jab that staggered him. The finish came in the second. Thorne made a plucky rally. He dashed into Goff, and sent two stiff ones toward his face. Goff was too smart to be close enough for the full force of either blow. Goff even jollied his man, and invited an opening. Thorne offered it when fifty seconds of the second round had elapsed, and it was all night with Geoffrey. Goff let go a straight right from the shoulder full on the chin, and Thorne fell. After Referee Eckhardt counted off ten seconds the Englishman was still unconscious, and the services of his seconds were necessary to get him to his corner.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWCASTLE.—Despite the many counter attractions in the city of Newcastle, there was a very large gathering of lovers of boxing at Mr. James Lowes's Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, on Saturday evening, when the proprietor put before his patrons a most enjoyable "hogmanay" (as they say in Scotland) entertainment. There were the usual contests between pairs at all weights, the initial couple being those clever midgets, J. Johnson and J. Griffen. Although not at that stage of maturity that their blows could have a damaging effect, they both showed such cleverness that inspires us in the belief that they will be heard of when they have a little more sinew and bone. They are truly a clever pair. "Darkey" Carpenter and J. Tait had three rattling hard rounds, which immensely pleased the spectators, and Peter Todd and "Spike" Johnson in three rounds gave an exhibition such as would have given a stranger the idea that they were struggling for a big stake. Although outclassed so far as science was concerned, J. Nelson made a brave show with Tom Dixon, the 9st 6lb champion of the north. We were then given a display by the Walker sword dancers. Sword dancing in the north some years ago was one of the institutions of the Yuletide, and both old and young were wont to look forward to their appearance; but, like many other old-fashioned and pleasing institutions, "the dancers" are gradually going out of ken. They occupied the interval with a most enjoyable entertainment, and then came the big affair of the evening. The contestants in this were George Morris, of Birmingham, and George Cummings, of Newcastle, who met to box the best of eight rounds for £10 and a purse. Cummings was seconded by "Spider" Carr and Tom Dixon, and Morris by Charlie Watts and J. Tait. Cummings had the best of it so far as weight was concerned, and he did not fail to use it to great advantage in the first three rounds. In the fourth it looked any odds on him, but Morris in the meantime had judiciously harboured his strength, which he brought into use, and just on the close of the fourth round got the right on the point, sending Cummings to the floor. The latter lay, but time came to his rescue. On the commencement of the fifth round, Cummings was pretty groggy, and Morris going in soon put paid to his account. Sam Francis was referee, and Martin Nealis timekeeper.

MATCHES IN EMBRYO.—Charlie Brown, lately known as Bert Wood, is matched to contest with Archie Phillips at 9st 12lb, for £10, open to £20, for the best purse, match to take place in February at the club offering the biggest purse. A match which will cause some excitement is that between Bill Fielder, of Walworth, and Fred Delaney, of South Woolwich, at 8st 4lb, on February 5, for £50 a-side. As these lads are nearly at the top of the tree in their class a good offer should be received for the contest. No offer of a purse will be entertained after January 15, on which day the place of contest is to be named. No purse, no fight.

"SPIKE" SULLIVAN KNOCKS OUT MARTIN FLAHERTY.

(Special Report.)

TROY, DECEMBER 21.—"Spike" Sullivan, the Irish boxer, defeated Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, Mass., at the Manhattan Athletic Club here this evening in the final round of a twenty rounds go. Up to the fifteenth round matters were very even, both men receiving much punishment. Sullivan landed repeatedly on Flaherty's ribs and stomach with telling effect, and the latter gradually weakened in the final rounds. Flaherty went out in the twentieth round after it had progressed two minutes and forty seconds.

TOM SAYERS AND HIS BATTLES.

SOME YEARS AGO Messrs. Newbold, whose printseller's shop was at the corner of the western end of Holywell Street, Strand, and who published the picture of the famous fight at Farnboro' between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers, also published a picture of Tom Sayers and his battles. Tom in the centre, and round the border pictures of the men the *great* little champion fought. In the days when this picture was published collars were not so much in evidence as at present, and many followers of the Fancy wore cashmere scarves round their necks. To gratify the tastes of a select few Messrs. Newbold had this picture printed on a limited number of scarves, one of which has recently come into the possession of Mr. James Lowes, of Newcastle. It is a well-worn emblem of times that are past, and quite recently could be seen in the window of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, Mr. Lowes having kindly lent it for exhibition purposes to the proprietors of this paper.

EMINENT SAILORS WHO HAVE BECOME Boxing Devotees.—The Marquis of Queensberry and Sir Claude de Crespigny were brought up in the Navy as midshipmen. In a conversation which we had recently with Sir Claude, he expressed the reason for both himself and the marquis not being nearly so tall as their sons—one of Sir Claude's being in the Life Guards—through the baleful effects of the bad food then served out in the ships. Here is an account of a midshipman's experience and the food served out on a Christmas Day. In the first voyage I made my Christmas Day happened in the Kingdom of Christmas—at least, in the Southern realms of the white-haired old monarch. We were hove-to off the Horn, and our latitude was 58deg. S. The longitude does not make much difference when the South Shetlands are not far off. We had ice ahead, and ice abeam, and ice astern. Ice as big as St. Paul's. Ice like huge tombstones. Ice like the Turkish mosque, like the spire under which we worship, like the Lion's Rump at Table Bay. We were hove-to under a close-reefed main-topsail and fore-topmast stay sail, and the ship soared and sank, and King Christmas roared with laughter in her shrouds, and we had plenty of daylight to see the rushing snow in, to feel the barbs of the ice-lance in, to watch the majestic altitude of the Pacific surge in. The galley fire was washed out. The cook could do no business, and lay drunk and harmless in bed on a pint and a half of rum which he had stolen from Heaven knows what or where. What did I get for my Christmas dinner? We had been hove-to for three days, and all this time the galley-fire had been washed out, and we had eaten up every vestige of cold remains. My Christmas dinner, then, was a ship's biscuit, honeycombed with worms, on which I pasted some salt butter, and this butter I sweetened with foot-sugar. There was no cold tea even, nothing but cold water, the stinking water of the scuttle-butt. My people at home, no doubt, eating roast beef and plum-pudding, drank to the safe return of the absent little midshipman, and the dear old mother would, of course, believe that, like herself, he was faring very well indeed on this same Christmas Day.

JACK JONES, of Newcastle, who called up to THE MIRROR OF LIFE on Monday, has taken the place of Joe Williams, of Rotherham, and is matched with the disappearing "Kid" Veitch, of Gateshead, who, it will be remembered, vamoosed the rancho when matched with Joe Williams. It is thought the "Kid" bunked because he could not do the weight. Jack Jones goes away in training to-morrow (Thursday) after his London holiday, accompanied by Andrew Wood, who is matched with Yarwood, and they contest at the Standard on the 15th. Jones and Veitch contest at the Standard Theatre on the 29th.

JOHN R. HOBSON, of Middlesbrough, would like to box any of the 7st 4lb amateur lads in Cleveland district, give or take 2lb, if any gentleman or club will give a purse worth boxing for.

GOVERNMENTAL RESTRICTION ON THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

OUR GOVERNMENT have a long reckoning to settle with the British nation in the way of obsolete armaments, but the restrictions they put upon the art of self-defence, according to the following letter, prevent heavy and middle-weight champions coming to the front and issuing a defi. to the whole world.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

SIR,—As a reader of your valuable paper please insert the following: It seems that most of our people wonder, as sportsmen, at our American friends being superior in the noble art of self-defence, from the bantam weight to the heavy-weight limits. It is a well-known fact that some of our officers in various regiments are greatly prejudiced against boxing, whilst on the other hand our young men in positions dare not, through restriction of their employers. Take for example our men of the Metropolitan and City police, who, through their average height, are samples of the finest muscular Christian. They are supposed to use the gloves, and would be glad to do so, but through fear of their superiors they do not, because the slightest mark on the face means report, which would risk fine and loss of chance of promotion. I know some very good men, and I hope, with your assistance, that Sir Edward Bradford may realise the gains by giving a prize for respective weights, and the prize, if a monetary one, to go to an orphanage or institution. Contests of this kind do a good turn to the noble art and the professors of the game. I think through your aid it may revive, and that we may have champion boxers ready to contest for supremacy against the world.—I remain yours truly,

DOMINICK J. MCGLENNON,
Amateur.

7st 4lb CHAMPIONSHIP BELT.—A well-known sportsman seeing so many aspirants to fistic honours at this weight will put up a massive silver belt tobe competed for. Entries to be sent to Con Donovan, MIRROR OF LIFE Office, Fleet Street, E.C. The promoter will be strict as to weight, therefore it will be no use lads sending in that cannot pass the scale. The competition will take place on January 23 at St. George's Hall, Westminster Bridge Road. Frank Exall, "Ginger" Owen, Tom Snow, George Spooner, and nearly all the most prominent boxers at the weight have already entered. From the number of entries received Con will select sixteen, so as to give any aspiring and unknown boxer a chance of showing his form. The whole of the names of intending competitors will appear in the next issue of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

LADY BOXERS.—Miss Norah Sullivan, in answer to Mrs. McIna's challenge, is sorry to say she cannot entertain the challenge until after the closing of the World's Fair, as she is engaged at that carnival for seven weeks, but she will only be too pleased to box her for £25 a-side. Should Miss Sullivan win she will give half the battle money, in addition to the purse, to the Widows and Orphans of the Reservist Fund. Miss Sullivan is willing to put up £25 at THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and agrees to that journal finding referee.

PAT DALEY and "Pedlar" McMahon, of Swansea, have signed articles for a twenty rounds contest, at two minutes a round, to box under Marquis of Queensberry rules, for Mr. Dan Meredith's £20 purse, £15 for the winner and £5 for the loser, the supporter of each man depositing £5 as a guarantee of their appearance in the ring. Fight takes place at St. Andrew's Hall, St. Mary Street, Cardiff, on January 10.

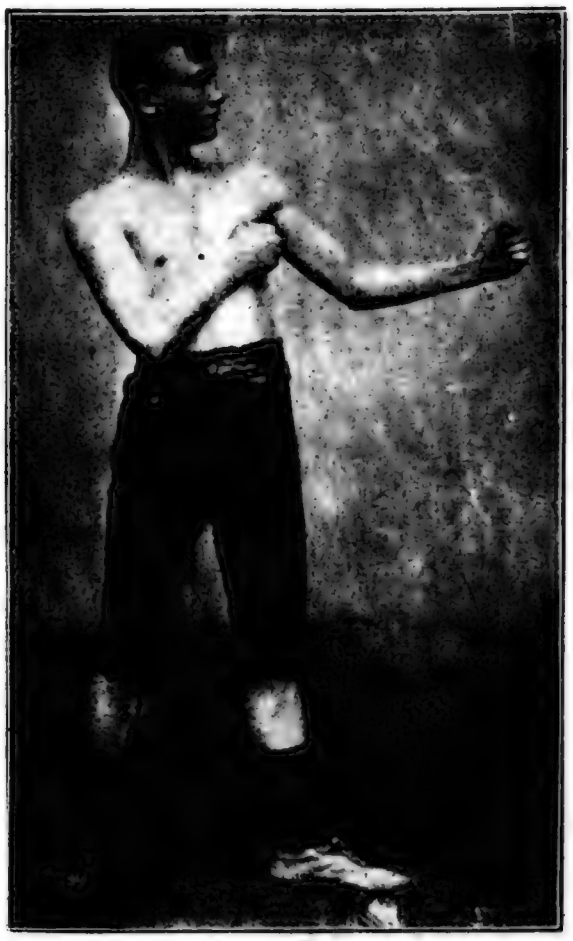
BILLY ROWE, of Leicester, would be pleased to box the winner of the contest between G. Bishop, of Hereford, and Taylor, twenty rounds, for Mr. Eli Smith's purse. This is also open to Dunny, of Stoke Newington, or any lad in the Midlands at 7st, and Rowe will guarantee £5 or £10 to enter the ring for a purse worth training for. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE from either of the lads named will lead to business.

A VETERAN PUG. IN DISTRESS.—Harry Wyatt, a man closely identified a few years back with athletics and boxing, has had the misfortune to lose his wife. Things have gone none too well recently with Harry Wyatt, and perhaps some who were trained and looked after by him a while back may like to render the veteran assistance. His address is 8, Theatre Square, New Road, Gravesend.

JEM BARRY, of St. James's, would like to box Sam Parker, of Leeds, if a good purse is forthcoming. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be at once attended to. Barry has no objection to box in Leeds.

BOXING AT BRADFORD.—Bradford City Gymnastic Club.—The first important contest in the new year at this establishment will be one of twenty rounds between Bert Smith, of London, and Frank Kelly, of Grimsby, for £10 a-side and a £20 purse, to take place on Monday, January 22. Several other contests will take place on the same evening.

(*Continued on page* 14.)



MICK O'BRIEN,
A Useful Little Bantam with his Dukes.

THE DUSKY BEAUTY KISSES THE COUNSEL.
An Unexpected Verdict Brings Kisses in its Train.

THE WILD ROSE OF WILTON,
Queen of a Troublesome Band of Thieves Over whom she Ruled.

JACK MARSHALL
(Trainer of Dooley and Cullen, now in South Africa).

W. H. WILLIAMS, Jun.
(A Young American Editor).

ANDY TINSLEY
(Trainer of Hegarty).

JACK CULLEN
(Feather-weight Champion of West Australia).

MICK DOOLEY
(Heavy-weight Champion).

TIM HEGARTY
(Feather-weight Champion of Victoria).

SOME PROMINENT AUSTRALIAN PRO'S.

AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER, WHAT HO!

Mamma was Recognised by her Husband and the Kid.

(*Continued from Page* 11.)

GAME CONTEST IN QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

A CROWDED HOUSE was present at the Brisbane Theatre Royal, Queensland, on Monday, November 15, to witness the contest between George Ruenalf (the "Maori") and Bill Davis (the light-weight champion). Davis was the first to show out, and for attendants had his trainer, Mr. C. Reynolds, Charlie M'Coy, and Harry Edwards. Several minutes elapsed before Ruenalf put in an appearance, and behind him were Peter Harvey, Arthur Williams, and Joe Gillies. The veteran boxer, Jimmy Dempsey, officiated as referee; Mr. A. E. J. Austin was timekeeper; and Mr. Mark Williams ten seconds check. Ruenalf's party won the toss for choice of gloves, and while the preliminaries were being adjusted the referee stated that the men had agreed to box the best of fifteen rounds for a £20 purse and a £20 side-bet. In condition, Davis looked a picture, and his opponent had not much to complain of in this direction, while he had a greater advantage in weight and height. Davis's weight was given at 10st 11lb, and Ruenalf's at 12st 2lb. Eight slashing rounds, at times marked with a certain amount of viciousness, were recorded, when Davis's party skied the towel, as the result of a damaged hand. Ruenalf had certainly the best of the deal, although Davis made matters very warm at times. Ruenalf played a waiting game in the opening stages of the contest, and more than once nearly accomplished his desire. The Contest.—It was ten minutes past nine when "Shake hands" brought the men to their feet. Several seconds passed in finessing around. Davis was first to lead off, and landed about the body. Ruenalf swung his right, and missing, lost his balance. Davis feinted with the right, and Ruenalf landed with left and right about the head and neck in such a manner as to force his man through the ropes. A sharp exchange followed, and Davis closed, and was warned for some little "unintentional" acts. Ruenalf led for the jaw, but received a swinging right on the nose just as the corners sounded. Davis started off with a big lead in the second round, and scored heavily about the body. Ruenalf missed with the right, and the pair fell on the ropes. Ruenalf immediately after landed, but lightly, on the jaw, and Davis was on the boards for seven seconds. Lively exchanges followed, in which Davis had the best of the experience. As corners were called it was seen that both men were showing blood. Round 3 opened with Davis placing his right on the body, and Ruenalf almost settled matters in an exchange with an uppercut, and from a bit of desperate, two-handed fighting again forced his man through the ropes. Ruenalf missed with the right, and came a cropper, striking the boards heavily with the side of his face. Several uneventful seconds passed, and the round closed in the Maori's favour. Round 4 was tame in the opening stage. Davis mixed matters, but the big fellow appeared to be drawing his man. An instant later Ruenalf landed on the jaw, and the light-weight was down and very groggy. Little or nothing was then recorded to the close of the round. The next two rounds were fast and furious, the big fellow forcing the fight at a great pace. Davis kept at wide range, but held his own in the exchanges. The latter part of the sixth round was all in Ruenalf's favour, and on corners being called Davis complained of his left hand having been rather badly hurt. Rounds 7 and 8 were Reunalf's, but he was unable to settle the contract to his liking. At the close of the eighth round Davis's party "skied" the towel, and the fight was awarded to Ruenalf. Davis's left hand and wrist were in a very bad state, and many were of opinion that a bad break had occurred. The management was excellent all through, and Messrs. Burwood and Manning appear to have settled down in the line of a very successful business. The settling took place immediately after the contest, at the Theatre Royal Hotel, in the presence of a big assemblage.

HOW DAVID ST. JOHN (THE Welsh Boxer) Died.—Private J. Argent, of the 3rd Grenadiers, in a letter to his parents at Swansea, says: At the Battle of Belmont we fought hand to hand. I was just behind David St. John when he was shot. He stuck his bayonet right through a Boer and could not get it out again. He tried to throw the man over his shoulder to get him off, and then another Boer came up and shot him through the head. Then another of our men put his bayonet through that Boer's heart. We are sorry for poor David St. John, but we think had he met the advancing Boer like the late Captain Burnaby did the Zulu, with a straight punch on the nose, it would have knocked all the fight out of him. David was always a bit slow at dodging blows, and the same perhaps with dodging bullets.

JOHNNY HUGHES, of Birmingham, not being satisfied with the result of his last match with Harry Brodigan, will be glad to box him again on the same terms as before.

BOXING AT GLASGOW.

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

WHAT TOM MOORE said of the vase is equally applicable to boxing in Glasgow. The police may do all they can to stop boxing under the direction of the baillie, but they cannot put it down. This was exemplified on Friday last, when a contest was brought off in Glasgow between Wallace, of the above-named city, and Stringer, of Leeds. Wallace is a smart lad, and has come to the top of his class in double quick time. He met Ernest Brady, of Newcastle, in a ten rounds contest last winter, and it was only after nine hard fought rounds that the Englishman got on and administered the coup de grace. Since that time Billy has made many good engagements, all of which he has come out scatheless. Stringer, who is of Jewish persuasion, has been resident in the second city for a short period, and in that time has made a name for himself by engaging some of the Scots' talent, and making a more than favourable impression by his stand. For the contest of Friday both lads had been in strict training, and reported themselves to the management at noon, and departed for a rest prior to the work of the evening. Both were present in plenty of time in the evening, and after a six rounds contest between Jack Taylor, of Edinburgh, and Harry Smith, of Dalmarnock, Glasgow, in which Smith was declared the winner, the chief item was announced. Wallace had the assistance of William Cunningham, of Clydebank, the 9st 6lb champion of Scotland, and Jem Keith, Glasgow, the winner of a hundred battles, whilst the Jew was seconded by Colley Barrett, Manchester, and Sike Revie, Glasgow. The Englishman had a slight advantage as regarded height, but matters were very equal as to weight and reach. Without waste of time, and after the usual warnings from the referee, the lads stood up for the contest. Round 1. Immediately time was called, Wallace jumped to his man, who nimbly side stepped, and followed Wallace to a neutral corner, where close work took place, honours being very even. Wallace was apparently anxious to get the battle over, and steadying himself, got within an ace of the vulnerable point. Stringer shook from the result of the visit, and got more than his own back with a straight left, which caught the localite between his lamps, and matters were even when the gong was banged. Round 2. The sixty seconds' rest had a beneficial effect on the laddies, who began in a hammer-and-tong sort of style, until Stringer, with an awkward right half-hook jab, steadied Wallace, who jumped from the effect of the rib-tickler. Not to be had, however, Wallace got his own back with a heavy right on the Jew's eye, following up with a left on the stomach. Stringer suffered from the effects of this treatment, but the "treatee" failed to follow up his advantage, and time came to the aid of the Englishman. Round 3. It was at once apparent from the manner in which both took the centre of the ring, and from the moment that they began until the close the round was the hottest of the lot. Wallace again adopted the rushing tactics, but the straight lefts from Stringer kept both level. All over the ring they went, and time brought happy relief. Rounds 4, 5, and 6. Nothing startling came out on top in this trio of rounds; first one and then the other taking and sustaining for a brief period a lead. At the close of the sixth round Wallace caught the Sheeny-man on the point, but time again saved him. Round 7 and 8. Both these were at the mercy of Wallace, but he swung wildly, or he certainly would have got home. Round 9. The penultimate round was opened cautiously by each. Wallace was first to break out, and his strong body blows had a telling effect on the English representative, who, however, rallied towards the interval, and so well did he show that the round was anybody's. Round 10 and last. When the couple came up for the last round it was very plain that the work in the previous round had been hard, and both were blowing heavily. No time was lost, however, and so quickly did the lads fight that the blows rained on one another. After a hard battle the verdict—a popular one—was given in favour of Wallace on points. The spectators quietly dispersed, and so again have the police of Glasgow been baffled.

BOXERS AND MEXICAN GUARDS.—"Reddy" Gallagher, of California, an old opponent of Charley Mitchell, and Tommy Maher, of Chicago, light-weight pugilists, tried to repeat their programme of four weeks ago and pull off a fight on Mexican soil, but the Mexican authorities heard of the intended pugilistic raid. Three hundred spectators accompanied the pugilists, and they started to cross the Rio Grande from El Paso, Tex., December 10, but were headed off by Mexican guards, who notified the Americans that the fight could not take place on Mexican soil, but could take place on an island in the middle of the river. The men fought for twenty-eight rounds, when the decision was given to Gallagher on a foul.

JEM QUAYLE, of Bradford, will box Billy Higgins, of Leeds, twenty rounds for the Bradford City Gymnastic Club's purse and £10 a-side.

"SPIKE" SULLIVAN DEFEATS JEM POPP.

(Special Report.)

BUFFALO, N.Y., DECEMBER 18.—"Spike" Sullivan, of Boston, stopped Jem Popp, the champion light-weight of Canada, in the sixth round at the Hawthorne A.C. to-night, in the presence of the largest crowd that ever assembled in Buffalo to see a prize-fight. The betting was 2 to 1 on Sullivan when the men entered the ring, but it went back to even in the first round, for Popp showed wonderful cleverness and footwork. After that the Canadian was able to do little with the Irish boxer, who took every advantage of Referee Jack Sheehan's interpretation of the rules, which allowed hitting in clinches when both hands were free. The fifth round found Popp badly distressed, and he kept Sullivan chasing him about the ring. At the close of the round Popp became sick, and was in bad shape as he came up for the sixth bell. A few jabs in the wind made Popp helpless, and he fell, and was counted out, although conscious. Dal Hawkins challenged the winner.

PROFESSOR GRAY'S BENEFIT.—Owing to the miserably wet weather which prevailed there was only a moderate attendance on Thursday evening last, December 28, at Professor Gray's well-appointed and spacious gymnasium when the well-known boxing caterer held his annual benefit. The principal item on the bill of fare was a contest of eight two-minute rounds under Queensberry rules, between "Mosey" Weaver, of Birkenhead, and "Bezzy" Walker, of Liverpool, the stake at issue being £10 and a purse given by Professor Gray. Weaver had as seconds Dan Whelligan and Albert Boyce, of Birkenhead, and Billy Johnson, of Liverpool, whilst the popular "Punch" Vaughan, of Liverpool, Billy Johnson, of Bolton, and "Dido" Lorne, of Liverpool, attended on the Liverpudlian. Billy Brierley, of Liverpool, acted as referee, and a well-known sport attended to the time. Regarding the contest (?) the least said about it the better, as from the start to its close, from a scientific boxing point of view, it was a complete fiasco. Both combatants disregarded the rules altogether, and went for one another in rough and tumble fashion, more akin to a street brawl than a glove contest. In short, the contest (if it may be described as such) consisted of nothing else but wild swings, clinches, hugging, wrestling, and even throwing. Walker was chief transgressor, and he ought certainly to have been disqualified many times over, the referee, in our estimation, being too lenient. The climax came in the fifth round, when, during a mix-up in the centre of the ring, Weaver managed to land heavily on his opponent's jaw, causing Walker to fall helplessly to the boards. He remained in that position until counted out, when he was assisted to his corner by his seconds. This bout was prefaced by exhibition boxing by the following couples: Jack Fairclough, of St. Helens, and "Dido" Lorne, of Liverpool; Tommy Wallace, of Liverpool, and Billy Johnson, of Bolton; Tommy Sweeney, of Birkenhead, and Young Stewart, of Rock Ferry; and Albert Boyce and Joe Nolan, both well-known and popular amateurs of Birkenhead. There was also a competition for lads scaling between 6st and 7st weight (paper weight), in which the participants were Albert Gray (son of the professor), Young Potts, and Young Summers. In the preliminary stage Potts easily accounted for Summers in the allotted three rounds, and Gray fortunately drew a bye. The final between the latter and Potts proved highly interesting, and was a well-contested bout indeed. At the close of the stipulated number of rounds (three) the verdict was deservedly given to Gray. Potts deserves great credit for his plucky display against a more experienced adversary. This item was refereed by Jack Fairclough, of St. Helens, and the time was recorded by Mr. J. L. Thomas, of Liverpool.

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ADVT.

HARRY TATE is a warmly appreciated turn at the Middlesex.

PAT RAFFERTY is scoring heavily at the Parthenon, Greenwich, with his "Irish Fusiliers" song.

AT THE METROPOLITAN Dunville heads a first-class programme.

MISS LOTTIE COLLINS and the famous "Humanity" sketch are enthusiastically received at the Cambridge.

MR. FRANK GLENISTER has persuaded Frank Lawton, the celebrated whistler and boxing boy of the "Belle of New York" Company, to stay behind, and not return to America with the company. He will open at the Pavilion on Monday, the 22nd.

MR. E. S. BARNES has a capital programme at Collins's, and the public have not been slow at spotting the same. The genial manager has been coping with crowded houses.

AT THE QUEEN'S, Poplar, besides a grand variety programme there is included a powerful sketch of the Marriott Company, "The House on the Heath," and also one of a laughter-making order by Paul Martinetti and Co., "Caught in a Storm."

BRANSBY WILLIAMS is received with unqualified approval at the Paragon, where he is appearing in his dramatic dialogue, "Scrooge," the miser from Dickens's famous "Christmas Carol."

MR. GEORGE CONQUEST'S pantomime at the Surrey as usual contains some novel and beautiful effects. There is a marvellous ballet of flying fairies and flying flames, there is some clever trapwork by Fred and Arthur Conquest, and an extremely clever impersonation of a gorilla by the last-named gentleman. Funny little Zola heads a list of up-to-date comedians, and the show concludes with a novel transformation scene and harlequinade.

AT THE LONDON PAVILION Bransby Williams's seasonable item, the "Vicar's Christmas Eve," Mark Melford and Co., in a screamingly funny sketch "What For," clever comedians in the shape of Knowles, Dunville, and Jimmie Fawn keep the laughter going, and clever Miss Vesta Tilley, Miss Lily Langtry, and many others, including Leo Stormont, with a patriotic poem "Wait a Week or Two," are hugely appreciated.

THE SHOW at the Alhambra does credit to the discernment of Mr. Dundas Slater. A good turn is contributed by Rawson and June, novel club swingers and expert boomerang hurlers; then there is Misko, the funny clown, with his clever pony; the Hulines, musical drolls; Harrison Brockbank, warbling "The Absent-Minded Beggar" to terrific applause, and many other varied turns, to say nothing of the two ballets, "Napoli" and "Soldiers of the Queen," both superbly staged and mounted.

WHAT WOULD THE Grand Theatre, Islington, be at pantomime time without Harry Randall? Certainly this year he is funnier than ever and works like a nigger. What shouts of laughter his song on "Love" provokes. The pantomime is magnificently mounted and staged and is crammed full of good things. Miss Alexandra Dagmar makes a handsome and dashing principal boy, and is well supported by pretty Miss Minnie Leverantz as Morgiana, her sweetheart. The loud applause with which the clever people engaged herein are received testifies to the opinion of the audience that Mr. H. A. Freeman has scored another big success.

MESSRS. ACTON PHILLIPS AND Sons' pantomime, "Sinbad the Sailor," is deservedly filling the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith. It is a bright, merry entertainment, and reflects the greatest credit on its producer, Mr. John East. The part of Sinbad, in the hands of Miss Fanny Wright, is a capital performance. Clifford Campbell, an exceedingly droll comedian, puts in some first-class work as Binbad. He is splendidly supported by Victor Gouriet, Alec Derwent, and a crowd of capable and clever people. There is not a dull moment from start to finish, and the entertainment is carried along with any amount of dash and go. I must not omit to add that Miss Maud Bowden plays splendidly as Sinbad's sweetheart, and is a delightful principal girl.

DAVE.

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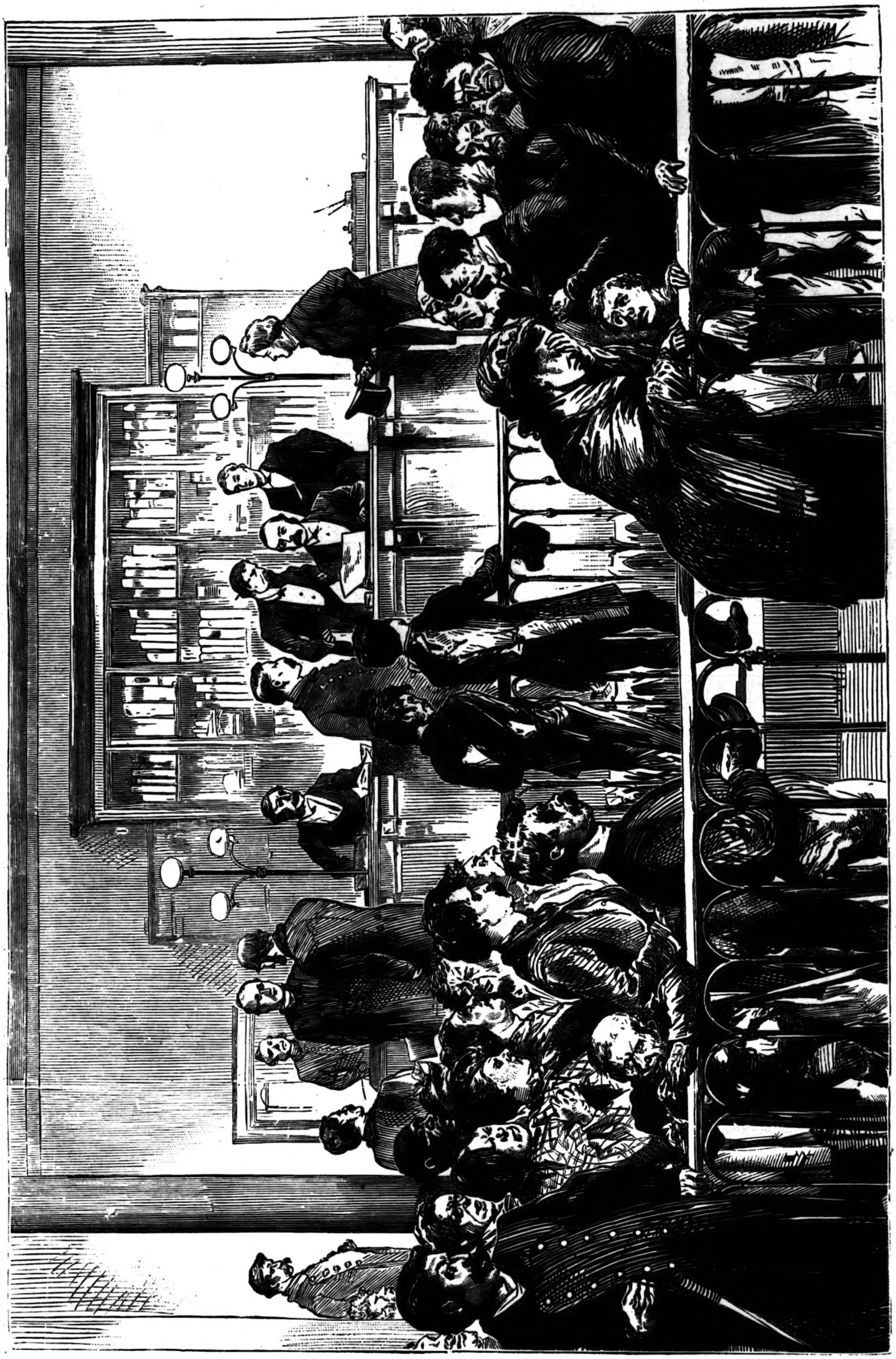

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